THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 75. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT No. 726 SANSOM ST. Philadelphia, Saturday, February 8, 1896. FIVE CENTS A COPY. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. No. 32

RECONCILED.

BY E. S. W.

We parted where the shadows crept
Along the valley, damp and chill,
And low the wailing breezes swept
Around the solitary hill;
And love was beaten back by Pride
With angry word and bitter speech,
Till, pausing where the paths divide,
We turned in silence, each from each.

Have we been happy? Was the thing
We strove for really worth the strife?
What gifts could Scorn and Anger bring
Save broken vows and severed life?
Oh, sweet blue eyes with trouble dim!
Oh, tender glance, half frank, half shy!
Love's cup runs over at the brim,
And shall we lightly put it by?

Dear, lay thine hand in mine once more,
In perfect trust of heart and mind;
Turn to the happier days before,
Leave we the darker hours behind.
From Life's dark Past new hopes are born,
The jarring discords slowly cease;
And through an ever brightening morn
Sweet Love walks hand in hand with Peace.

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

DOCTOR CLAPPER'S account of Miss Valland's doings remained permanently with Thir, and increased her depression considerably. On the afternoon following the Doctor's visit, she sat by the drawing-room fire, gazing wistfully out at the mournful November drizzle, and picturing to herself the discomfort of her aunts, who were in York on a shopping expedition. Then she began thinking of Dora Valland's double journey across Gillian's Hood to Craik. She could imagine the cold pitiless resolution with which the task would be carried through; Dora would be just as cruel and relentless to herself as she had been to others.

Thir recalled the white, rigid, beautiful face on the night when her happiness had been plucked from her, and when, she told herself confidently, all future happiness had been made an impossibility for Dora.

With the recollection of that waxen white face came a passing memory of another portion of the doctor's chatter—the allusion to the mysterious nature of Mrs. Valland's death. But this part of the subject she put from her at once; the suggestion was too painful, too morbid to dwell upon.

Presently she found herself wondering if the weather in Hull was as wretched as the weather at Quilter's Common, and then if Tryan was tramping about in it.

Then she picked up Sheelah from amid the kittens on the rug, and confided to her the fact that they two were the only beings in the world who cared the least bit where he was or what he was doing, or anything about him at all; after which thoroughly untruthful statement she cried herself to sleep in the firelight.

"She has been crying again," said Miss Carry softly, rising from a close inspection of her niece's sad little face. "What are we to do with her, Mary? The child will go into a decline if something is not done!"

"I told you from the first how it would be," returned Miss Gunter, not at all unkindly, but in the tone of one stating an undeniable fact; "she should have been roused from the first. We should not have allowed her to shut herself up like this; she ought to have been made to listen to reason."

"Oh, Mary, my dear," rejoined Aunt Carry—and Thir, half awake and half asleep, began to gather the sense of the words, though scarcely certain as yet whether the voice was a reality or a dream—"how can one preach reason to a child when her heart is breaking?"

"My dear Carry, I don't want to be hard on the poor child," said Miss Gunter, "but, if it comes to be a question of reason and broken hearts, I think yours was as nearly broken as any girl's, and you never made the whole house miserable with your trouble. Thirza makes one feel as if it were wicked to be even comfortable while she goes about the house with such a——"

"I'm awake, Aunt Polly," cried Thir, scrambling into an upright position, "and I heard my name spoken! I hope it is good you're saying about me!" She stooped as she spoke and laid her flushed cheek upon Sheelah's satin like coat, and Miss Gunter coughed uncomfortably. "Did your mantles fit nicely," she went on pleasantly, "and aren't you very wet, you poor dears? May I make tea for you?"

That was the end of Thir's visible grief. When she and Sheelah got upstairs presently—the dog was never a yard away from her heels—Thir had a quiet fit of weeping—"a sort of final shower," as she informed the dog—and then she set herself resolutely to work to get the upper hand of her sorrow.

"I conclude Aunt Polly was about right, Sheelah," she said to her small canine friend, as she put her upon a cushion among the glass bottles and porcelain jars on the toilet table. Sheelah liked to be within reach of her mistress' hand, so that she might give it a sly touch with her tongue now and again as it moved about the table. "We've been just a pair of selfish creatures, thinking of nothing and nobody but ourselves, and making everybody else miserable with our whining and moaning. Now, Sheelah, this state of things has to be put right straight away! Don't you agree with me? Why, certainly! I reckoned you would, you cute little beastie! And, since it has to be done, the sooner we start out on the job the sooner the pinch will be over. You're one with me there, too? You have a good level head for business, Sheelah! Very well, then—that's fixed! This very evening I will electrify the members of this household by such a flow of good spirits as shall wipe out the past month of sulking—that's so, Sheelah!"

And she kept her word.

Miss Gunter knew exactly how it had all come about, and felt, as she watched the girl's winsome efforts to please, her determined gaiety, and the perseverance with which she kept chattering the whole evening, that she had behaved like a veritable ogress.

Thir knew her own weakness; one pause for thought, and she must inevitably have broken down; so she read the newspaper aloud, and sang half a dozen songs, and put the kittens through a screamingly funny performance on the top of the piano, and reached her own bedroom at ten o'clock, tearful but triumphant, and slept better than she had done since her trouble began.

"It won't be so bad the next time, Sheelah, my friend," she observed to her confidante, as she locked the door and leaned against it with her hand pressed against her heart. "It was only because I had to take the start with such a rush; but I have a grip now, and I'm bound to go through with it, you bet!"

"Aunt Polly, I'm going a round of visits to-day," she said at breakfast the next morning. "Is there anything I can do for you in the village?"

Miss Gunter was too prudent to show any surprise concerning this sudden change of conduct; but, when Thir came down, looking sadly pinched and shrunken in her out-of-door clothes, she gave the girl a very hearty kiss as she wished her a pleasant walk—a tenderness which Thir did not dare to return for fear of breaking down.

The first place she made for was Doctor Clapper's. His house was at the beginning of the High street, farther out of the village than Dale Cottage, and quite in the opposite direction to the Pantiles and the Parsonage—indeed the doctor was their next door neighbor, in reality, though there was a good stretch of road between the two houses, the village High street proper ending at Miss Gunter's.

But, since the railway had come through the little place, two or three villas had sprung up on the stretch of the road between Dale Cottage and the railway station; and the doctor's house was one of these, the one nearest to the village, standing just at the point where the road took a turn towards the station, and also the only one occupied.

The others still stood empty, desolate monuments to the sanguine temperament of the man who had invested his money in them. And these same unoccupied houses gave a dreary deserted look to what was already a sufficiently lonely stretch of road, except just at the times preceding and succeeding the arrival of the few trains which stopped at the unimportant little station.

When Thir went out by her aunts' gate, she saw the doctor's gig already waiting at the door, and she hastened along, fearing he might be going in the opposite direction.

The good man came out presently, putting on his gloves as he stood on the pathway, and, seeing her coming, he waited.

"That address, doctor!" she said. "You forgot your promise—the address of Mr. Cambray's solicitors. I want to send it on to my friend at once."

Doctor Clapper looked very much ashamed of himself.

"I can't think how I forgot it!" he said apologetically. "It was partly Nancy's fault; I told her to see to it, though I ought to have made sure it was sent. Will you go in and scold her yourself, or shall Perry fetch the address for you?"

Thir thought she would rather that Perry should fetch it, and said so. In spite of her determination to suppress her sorrow, she did not feel inclined just yet to listen to half an hour of Miss Nancy's distracting chatter—indeed she rather dreaded the young lady's sharp eyes and tongue. For Nancy, being scarcely old enough to be considered a responsible person, was sufficiently shrewd to take advantage of the freedom such a position gave her, and had a habit of making remarks and asking questions which others would not have dared to utter.

"I hope your friend's application won't be too late," said the doctor, standing at the horse's head while Perry ran up to the house for the missing note. "I believe there was somebody down yesterday inspecting the place. A little competition will be the best thing in the world to send up the price. You see, the great drawback is the ruinous state of the house. After it is bought and paid for, there will still be £30,000 or £35,000 wanted to put it in thorough good order."

"My friend would not mind spending that on it," observed Thir, with a wan smile. "The person who wants to buy it has lots of money, doctor. Rich people, as a rule, are glad enough to find a pleasant way of spending money."

"Well, I hope it will be somebody who will care to come down and live in the old place," returned the doctor. He was burning with curiosity, but he seemed to gather from Thir's manner that it was not likely to be gratified, and resigned himself as well as he could to the inevitable. "It may easily be somebody richer than the Cambrays, but it will take a good deal of money to wipe out their memories from among the people of Quilter's Common, Miss Bright."

"My friend will have to risk that," replied Thir quietly. "There is always a prejudice against a new-comer who buys one of these old family places, more especially, I imagine, when the buyer is an American; but I judge it can be lived down the same as any other prejudice. My friend is not so unreasonable as to expect to buy the good will of the tenants in the same way as one buys the good-will of a dry goods store or a young ladies' seminary; but it may be won in time perhaps."

"Undoubtedly," said the doctor, watching her thoughtful little face inquiringly—"undoubtedly, Miss Bright! And, if your American friend is at all after your pattern, it strikes me he won't find it a very difficult task. Ah—here is Perry with the address at last! Nancy mislaid it, as usual, I suppose. Can I give you a lift? No? Then I'll say 'Good morning,' for I've a long way to go. The next time you get a bad cold, take my advice and doctor it well at the start. A month's close confinement to the house is bad for anybody, it has taken a lot out of you. Good-bye! Remember me to your aunts!"

Thir turned back towards the village, put the address into the envelop she had for it, and posted it. Then she walked on slowly, finding the air, chill and damp though it was, very sweet and pleasant after her long imprisonment.

There was a wonderful change in the look of the High street since she had last seen it. She could hardly believe that the stripping of the trees had made all the difference.

Opposite to the "Wheatsheaf," where the roadway was bordered by a line of elms, the space looked twice as wide as when the trees were covered with foliage. The place looked very gaunt and desolate; and the change was in keeping with her own feelings. She whistled to Sheelah, and started at a brisk pace, meaning to have a look at the Hall, if she could do so without exciting too much attention.

Half way up the High street however, she was overtaken by Teddy Greenbury, who had returned by rail from an evening's gaiety in Hull.

"I could hardly believe my eyes!" he told her, as he greeted her with a frank appearance of delight. "We began to be afraid that that cold of yours meant to stick by you all through the winter. Is this your first outing? And to think that I should be lucky enough to meet you!"

Thir laughed, for she could could not help it; his intense gratification amused her.

"I don't see why you should laugh at me because I'm so glad to see you again," he said, in an injured tone. "You can't think how we've missed you! Just at first Jean did nothing but groan over your illness!"

"Now, Teddy——"—"It's a fact!"

"A girl she has known only a few months."

"But we all feel as if we'd known you for years! I can tell you the girls took it as very unkind that they were not allowed to come up and see you!"

"I saw nobody; I was too queer to be civil."

"You look bad enough," he replied, scrutinising with affectionate deliberation the small white face under the dark fur cap.

She managed to endure the inspection smilingly, though it was something of an ordeal.

"Bad enough for anything!" was his final verdict. "You look as if you'd been fretting," he added shyly, as if he wanted very much to comfort her and hardly knew how to set about it. "The mother was wondering only the other day whether you did not find it the least bit lonely shut up with your aunts. You've had a lot of trouble, and she wondered if you didn't find them a little—a little quiet—a little——"

"They are just perfect!" said Thir decisively. "They are the two dearest, most lovable little women the world holds; you may make yourself sure on that point! All the same, though, I take it as very kind of your mother to trouble her head about me. You may tell her so, with my best thanks, Mr. Teddy."

"Come and tell her yourself!" he said, struck suddenly with a brilliant idea. "She'll be jolly glad to see you; and so will the girls. And it will brighten you up a bit to have a chat. There's no end of gossip on just now, what with the Rector's love-making, and Dora's new young man, and the talk about new people at the Hall!"

"New people?" she asked anxiously. "Is there really anybody after it?"

"So Caulfield the station-master here told me just now. He said Cambray's lawyer came down yesterday with a couple of men, and inspected the place thoroughly."

Thir looked as if she found the news exciting.

"Do you think they have bought it?" she asked.

"Why, no!" replied Teddy, smiling. "I don't suppose the purchase is concluded yet; that sort of thing takes weeks to get through." Thir sighed in sudden relief. "I wish," he went on, "for poor old Tryan's sake, that it could be hurried up a bit!"

"Why?"

"Because he is just eating his heart out idling about Hull. I saw him yesterday, and——"

"You saw him?" cried Thir eagerly. "How was he? Did he seem more cheerful?"

"Well, as ill-luck would have it, I was not able to speak to him. I was with Pops, and Tryan was with Pops' major; and Pops is in hot water with the Major; and so he asked me not to stop."

"Oh, I wish you had!" said Thir.

"So do I. I called myself a fool afterwards for letting Pops prevent me. Tryan was looking frightfully down, I thought; and it's just beastly to pass a man by when he's in trouble!"

Thir did not speak, for something like a lump in her throat needed all her attention just then.

"Pops told me," continued Teddy, "that Tryan dined with the regiment last guest-night, and he said that the moment the sale of the Hall was concluded he should be off to Canada."

Thir gasped convulsively, and then burst into a wild fit of laughter.

"It's the dog," she said, in answer to Teddy's glance of surprise; "she was looking so comical just then! Go on, Teddy!"

Teddy, with the air of a man anxious not to miss a joke, looked at Sheelah trotting on ahead; but, after quietly watching the little animal for a while, he found the task profitless, and gave it up, disgusted with his own slow sense of humor.

"That was Mr. Cambray's dog, wasn't it? Did Tryan give her to you?"

"Yes; I offered to take care of her for him."

"I see." For some reason or other Teddy relapsed into silence. The remark about the dog had suddenly started a theory which connected Thirza Bright's indisposition with Tryan's departure. The idea came to him so swiftly that for the moment it put him out of countenance, and left him without a word to say.

Thir noted the sudden change in his manner, and, guessing at the cause, became exceedingly vivacious.

"How was young Mr. Poplett?" she asked. "Has he been riding any races lately? My aunts met him at the Parsonage some time ago, and they said he talked of nothing but horses and races the whole time they were together!"

"Poor old Pops," said Teddy, with a very friendly intonation, "he isn't brilliant, but he's one of the best fellows out! Yes—he's riding in all the regimental races this winter. I'm sorry for Pops!"

"Why?"

"Because he's so dead gone on Dora Valland, and she won't even look at him. He could hardly talk of anything else yesterday; even his beloved steeplechases were almost forgotten. I don't think I ever saw a fellow so frightfully in love!"

"Do you think he'd care to have you talk about it, Teddy?"

"He doesn't mind who talks about it. He is ready to talk about it himself to anybody who will listen to him."

"He will get over it all the sooner that way, at any rate," said Thir; but Teddy shook his head.

"I don't think that," he observed gravely; "I fancy it will take him a very long time to get over it. He has such a tremendous respect for her; he looks upon her as something altogether too good for this world—something to be looked up to and worshipped. I am very sorry for Pops!"

There was such an unusual depth of feeling in his voice as he spoke that, although Thir knew little of Sidney Poplett, she suddenly discovered that she was very sorry for him too.

"It is an awful pity Dora can't be brought to see it," resumed Teddy, after a pause; "it would come in just right with her father's marriage. Pops has lots of money, and he'd most assuredly adore her."

Thir held her peace; she could not agree with him. She had her own reasons for thinking that Pops was a great deal too good for Dora; and, as she could not explain them, she said nothing.

"I don't believe Dora will ever marry if she can't have Tryan," continued Teddy; "and he, poor old chap, can't afford to marry a girl without money. That is just how things go—the two right people scarcely ever care for each other, and, when they do, something or other is sure to upset the whole business! It's a beastly place, this world, most of the time, isn't it?"

He turned abruptly to look at his companion, and found, to his chagrin, that there were tears in her eyes. But he was careful not to let her know that he had seen them, and pretended to be interested in some ploughing operations going on in the field at the side of the road.

"Of all the idiots behind a plough, that Mitcham is the biggest!" he declared vindictively. "Just look at the furrows across that field! They look as if they'd been done over night with Muriel's new curling pins! Did you ever see anything like it?"

Thir looked willingly enough, glad of the excuse to turn her head away from her companion, but saw nothing wrong with the ploughing.

"I don't think I am competent to offer an opinion on the subject of furrows," she said. "Aren't they generally wavy, Teddy?"

"Not as a rule," he answered grimly. "Mitcham will catch it by-and-by. The walk hasn't been too much for you, has it?" he asked. "You look awfully pale! Perhaps you should not have come so far. Take my arm, will you?"

But Thir laughed at his solicitude and declared she felt equal to another couple of miles. Though he took her word for it and strode along at her side with his hands in his pockets, she was keenly aware of his increased care and attention during the remainder of the walk; and, even while the thought that it might be due to a suspicion of the truth irritated her, she had to confess that it was a pleasant sensation to know that she was in the charge of somebody who delighted in his task. She was quite cheery by the time they reached the Pantiles—so bright and chatty that Teddy began to think he must have been wrong after all—began to believe that her pale cheeks and darkened eyes were the result only of physical weakness, and that Tryan's departure had nothing to do with the change in her appearance.

CHAPTER XIV.

THIR received a rapturous greeting from the three ladies at the Pantiles. Even Mrs. Greenbury kissed her two or three times, and looked very affectionately at the girl's pale pinched little face.

"You girls are not to worry her now!" she said authoritatively. "Teddy, you are a very good boy for bringing her! How did you coax her aunts into letting her come?"

"Oh, I am going around on my own responsibility again now, Mrs. Greenbury!" interposed Thir. "I'm fairly off the invalid list at last!"

"You don't look very much like it," observed Jean doubtingly; and Muriel agreed with an emphatic nod.

"You are going to stay for the afternoon now you are here," she said, beginning to loosen the fastenings of Thir's coat. "We are going out to dinner, but that is no reason why you should not stay till we start. Oh, but you must! There's some of that apple compote you liked so much for luncheon; and, besides, it's not to be thought of that you should walk all the way here and back again without rest and refreshment!"

"All the way here!" exclaimed Thir, laughing. "You old canoodler! About half a mile, all told!"

"Nearer a mile," said Teddy; "the High street is half a mile itself. You had better stay. I'll send a message down to Miss Gunter to let her know you are all right, and I'll see you safe home myself."

"Well, I reckon I'll stay," she replied, smiling round at them as if she appreciated their pleasant fussing to the full, "if only because it tickles my vanity to be enthused over like this."

"You ought to have come before," declared Mrs. Greenbury, while the girls took off her things and Teddy stood by to carry them out into the hall, "or else you ought to have let the girls come to you. You've wanted young people to cheer you up. Your aunts are dear little women, but they are not used to young folk and their ways."

"No," objected Thir promptly—"I can't let you say that, Mrs. Greenbury! They have been just angels to me the whole time! They would have let Muriel and Jean come to me fast enough if I hadn't prayed to be left alone. I was too bad to take kindly to visitors, I do assure you."

"I didn't know you had a dog," said Muriel, stooping down to make friends with Sheelah. "Isn't it something new?"

"Don't worry her about the dog now," Teddy put in abruptly. "I believe she is dying for her luncheon; and I know I am! Isn't it ready, mother?"

Thir wondered at Teddy's interruption, but kept silent, and was glad not to have to explain again about Sheelah. And this was not the only time that Teddy interposed to help her; three or four times during luncheon, when she found herself face to face with an awkward allusion or a difficult question, she noticed that he cleared the way for her by skilfully turning the conversation or by suggesting an answer for her, and leaving the others to accept it at their leisure.

Thir felt very grateful to him, and yet rather disturbed, for, though she tried to persuade herself that these interventions were accidental, she was plagued by a doubt regarding the matter. Teddy and she had always been the best and frankest of friends. The mutual liking had been of the most spontaneous and outspoken character, and she was quite unprepared for any change in its nature. The thought that he might be diving deeper into her confidence that she intended or desired was disquieting in the extreme, and she was glad when luncheon was over and she and Jean were safely settled in a pleasant shabby parlor at the back of the house which was still dignified by the title of "schoolroom."

Teddy had disappeared when the meal was over, presumably on the track of the unfortunate Mitcham, and Muriel had gone to her mother's room to put some last few touches to the adornments for the evening; so Jean and Thir filled their pockets with chestnuts, made up a roaring fire, and sat down upon the rug to roast the nuts—and themselves!—with Sheelah asleep between them.

Jean was always Thir's especial crony at the Pantiles, probably on the ground of the meeting of extremes, for, though she could not be described as reserved, Jean was the quiet one among the Greenburys—the one who said the least and thought the most.

"Of course you have heard all the news through your aunts," she said, making a resolute beginning, because she fancied she saw some faint touch of constraint in Thir's manner—"all about the Rector's marriage and Dora's plan for leaving home and living in lodgings? Won't it be a change at the Rectory after having Dora there all these years?"

"I suppose it will seem strange to you," responded Thir. "Have you heard that she has asked Mrs. Wellcome to let her have rooms?"

"Has she? That would be capital for you, Thir! She would cut out Muriel and me with you then. I should get jealous!"

"Should you? Well, I reckon it would be a real waste of emotion," returned Thir quietly; and Jean laughed and looked rather inquiringly at the speaker's grave face.

"You desperate little Yank! I suppose you mean that you would not get on with Dora? You never did seem to take much to her."

"No," said Thir drily—"I never did take much to her. We don't run smoothly kindly; there's a hitch somewhere in the machinery."

"On your side or hers, Thir?"

"Can't say—a bit of both, I imagine. I guess it's a matter of no great importance, Jean!"

"Only to ourselves, of course," said Jean promptly.

"Yes—that's so. It might be of importance to ourselves."

They sat in silence for a few moments; and then Jean, raising herself on her knees, leaned forward to turn her nuts; and Thir watched the operation without showing any desire to help.

"Do you know, Thir, my dear," said Jean, turning the nuts with quick cautious touches of her finger tips, "I'm half inclined to think you've been far more seriously ill than anybody has any idea of?"

"Why?" queried Thir absently.

"Well, I can hardly tell you why, unless it is that you seem to have lost so much of your old spirits, your old exuberance. Do you know what Captain Miller called you? 'Miss Perks!' He'd have to rename you now, I'm afraid."

"Don't say 'afraid,' Jean; nobody, honey can remain so obtrusively young always."

"No—not always. But to lose one's buoyancy at twenty, Thir!"

"It will most likely come back, Jean."

"I can't think why it's gone," she said regretfully, and turned, with finely-scorched cheeks, to look at the sober face behind her.

Thir smiled in answer to the look; and then, meeting Jean's kind troubled eyes, a quick impulse of confidence seized her. The smile faded, and she put out her hand and drew the other to her side.

"I'll tell you why, Jean," she said, catching Jean's hands in a close, eager, painful clasp, "I've grown old in a week or two. I've lost the man I love, Jean and I think my heart is broken!"

Jean looked at her for a moment in startled surprise; but, now that she held the key, the pale pathetic face told its own story plainly enough, and she drew it down to her shoulder with a quick cry of sympathy and comprehension.

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you," said Thir calmly and quietly; but there was an intonation in her voice which made Jean think she would rather have heard her cry outright. "I am not ashamed of it in any way. I did no wrong, and he did no wrong; it was just a misfortune that separated us. I am proud to have loved him and to love him still; and, more than all, I am proud that he has loved me!"

"You speak as if there were no hope, Thir."

"I speak as I think, Jean. I'm pretty sure the whole thing has come to an end once and for all. At present the obstacle seems insurmountable."

"You poor little soul! I wish I could help you, Thir! I suppose it isn't anything that a third person could set straight—no mere quarrel?"

"We never had an unpleasant word, my dear. No—there is only one person in the world who could set it straight, and there is no chance of mercy from that quarter."

Jean forced herself resolutely to restrain her natural curiosity.

"I'm more sorry than I can say, Thir," she answered quietly.

"Be sorry for him too, Jean; he needs it nearly as much as I do, for I should have made him happy—I know I should! You see it is not only that I love him with my whole heart, but I just suited him—better perhaps than a better woman would have done. And I was so set on brightening him up! I wanted to make up to him for something of what he has gone through; for his life has been full of disappointments always. And to think he should have to put up with another through me, when I would have gone through anything just to make him happy!"

"You love very unselfishly, Thir."

"Would it be real love if I didn't, Jean?"

"And he—is he worth such a love, my dear?"

"Worth it?" Thir raised her head quickly, as if she found it impossible to express all she felt in that recumbent position. "Worth it? He is a thousand times more unselfish in his love than I am! Worth it! Jean, he is one of the best men in the world! You think I am partial because he is so dear to me, but that is not

so. It is the opinion of everybody who knows him. And those who have known him the longest think the most of him. Oh, he is worth all the love I have given him, dear—never doubt that! When girls lose their sweethearts, they always cry a lot, and say they will never have another, and all that: but I don't think I ever shall, Jean; and I'll tell you why—because it's a case of head and heart, too. He is not only more lovable than most men, but he is more admirable in other ways. I'm spoilt for life, my dear; I shall die an old maid!"

"Perhaps not, dear; time works wonders."

Thir said nothing; it did not seem worth while. Shaking her head with a sorrowful smile, she let it fall back into its old resting place.

"Do your aunts know, Thir?" inquired Jean presently.

"Everything. They have been real good to me!"

"And this is really what your illness has been?"

"Yes. I was such a coward. I went right down under the blow; I groveled abjectly, puling and whining until there was no bearing with me, just as if I was the only girl to whom such a misfortune had ever come. And they put up with me like angels, Jean!"

Jean, looking at the chastened little face, thought it would have been a hard heart indeed that would not have put up with her.

"And to think that you were engaged all the time!" she said gently. "Teddy might have spared his raptures over your arrival."

Thir made no reply to this. For Tryan's sake, even more than her own, it was not advisable to put the people about Quilter's Common too much au courant with the state of affairs, so she allowed Jean's inference to pass unchallenged.

"Don't say anything about it to Muriel," she said; "I should not like it talked about. I'm sure I don't know how I came to bother you with it, but I'm glad I did; it has been a relief to talk about it, Jean."

"I won't breathe a word to a soul, dear," Jean assured her. "As for Muriel, she has no time just now to think about other people's love affairs; she is too distracted with her own. Captain Miller has been over here on one excuse or another a dozen times at least since you've been shut up, Thir."

"Has he?" Thir, pleased and interested, sat upright. "I'm glad! I thought him very nice. What does your mother say?"

"Nothing. Mother doesn't talk about that kind of thing; but she is always very nice to him. It is Muriel who treats him badly; she never meets him twice alike. I could shake her! She is like a cat with a mouse. I only hope she won't overdo it, for I'm pretty sure she likes him."

Thir echoed this hope very fervently. In her present condition of heartache she would have liked to warn Muriel against playing fast and loose with her own happiness, had it not been impossible for anybody to discuss the subject until Muriel herself saw fit to introduce it. But, if Muriel was unapproachable on the matter, Jean had plenty to say; and there had scarcely been an appreciable break in the conversation when Mrs. Greenbury sent word that tea was ready in her dressing-room.

Jean glanced at the clock and looked conscience-stricken.

"A quarter to four!" she said. "Muriel will have packed the dress-basket alone. I shall catch it!"

But Muriel was unusually amiable when they went up-stairs.

"You had better look round and see that nothing of yours is left out," she said. "It would be a long way to send back from Carsballon."

"Are you going to Carsballon?" asked Thir. "What a long drive!"

"Yes; and we're to dress after we get there. We shall have to start at four. I hope Teddy won't forget we're going early!"

"Don't worry on my account," said Thir at once. "I can certainly take care of myself down the High street."

"My dear, you will do nothing of the kind!" observed Mrs. Greenbury, in her most decisive manner. "Teddy is sure to be back before we start. But, if he should not be, you won't mind waiting a little while for him? You may as well ring, Muriel, and let us find out if he left any message."

But, when the servants came, it appeared that no message had been left.

"The master seemed in a great hurry," she said; "he called Harry the stable boy away from his dinner to help to put the pony to in the small cart, and drove off towards Garside."

"That settles the matter, then—you must wait for him," declared Mrs. Greenbury, when the maid had gone. "He has got the pony out, and he will drive you home."

Thir would not debate the question, although she felt strongly inclined to do so. She did not feel in the humor for a tete-a-tete drive with Teddy.

However, she held her peace, partook of tea, helped the girls to wrap up for their long drive, and went down to see them get into the roomy brougham. Then she stood on the steps with a shawl around her head and waved them an adieu as they turned into the road.

The sun had just disappeared behind the distant hill-line, and the sky was gradually flushing with a vivid crimson afterglow, flecked towards the horizon with a few good-rimmed patches of tender purple all very lovely to look at, but suggestive of a sharp touch of frost in the atmosphere.

Thir stood for some minutes, holding the shawl close up under her chin, and watching the brilliance deepen until the whole arc of heaven was flushing and throbbing, as if it were being heated from without by some vast invisible furnace. It reminded her of a certain summer sunset, not nearly so magnificent as this she was watching now, but rosy too.

She remembered how Tryan's face had flushed, until she, looking up from her pleasant task of gathering forget-me-nots at his feet, could hardly tell whether he was really coloring under her daring attacks or whether it was only the reflection of the sunset.

Her memory having carried her so far, it was impossible that it should stop there. It hurried her on to the climax of that never-to-be-forgotten interview, to the audacity of her last desperate charge, and to the exquisite triumph for the moment when she realized that the citadel was won.

The memory of that moment's joy came to her now with such an intolerable pang that she cried aloud in her anguish; and then, with her hands raised to her lips in sudden distress, looking shyly about her, fearful lest somebody might have heard her involuntary remonstance against the cruelty of fate, she turned quickly and quietly into the house.

With a foolish notion of getting away from the haunting lurid glow, she went and knelt in front of the drawing-room fire, and stirred it. But she could not rest there for long. The recollection of the scene by the brook, once aroused, was not to be easily obliterated, each minute detail, each change of countenance on Tryan's face, was recalled to her memory with such maddening distinctness that at last she arrived at a state of mind which rendered further inaction impossible.

"If I don't do something, Sheelah, I shall cry," she muttered desperately; "and that is not to be thought of! We must walk it off, my doggie, if we go till we drop! There must be no more nonsense of that sort!"

Moving mechanically, but quickly and decisively, she went into the hall and put on her hat and coat, and, forgetting all about messages or explanation, passed out at once into the glow of the frosty sunset, with the faithful little dog following closely at her heels.

She had no definite purpose in her mind, except the desire to be moving, the anxiety to shake herself free from the harrowing train of thought into which she had fallen; and this desire urged her on without pause or consideration until she reached the head of the High Street. There, instead of turning off homeward through the village, she waited, looking irresolutely along the road straight ahead. At a little distance stood the church, with Parsonage immediately beyond, but Thir's thoughts traveled past that picturesque group of buildings to a tiny cottage half a mile or so farther along the road—a cottage which was dwarfed by the great iron gates behind it, and made sombre by the shadow of the pine-trees, except just where the carriage-drive intervened directly within the gates.

Thir, thoroughly at the mercy just then of any idea which promised a little diversion to her thoughts, suddenly conceived the notion of walking as far as the lodge and back before going home. Almost unknown to herself, there was a faint hope in her heart that she might see or hear something of Tryan from the people there.

She looked round. The sky was still quite rosy, though the full brilliancy of the after-glow was past. She told herself that she could get to the lodge and back in a quarter of an hour, long before the light should fail.

As for the High Street, she would not mind walking its length alone any hour in the twenty-four. It was only that badly-lighted and lonely half-mile of the Hull road that she preferred by daylight, more especially now the quarry was deserted.

Since the murder, there had been some difficulty in getting men to work there, and the owner had decided to close it—for winter, at all events, hoping that by the spring people would have overcome their dislike to the place. But Thir's restless desire for violent exercise was not to be thwarted.

"Come along, Sheelah," she murmured softly; "we'll go part of the way, at the very least!"

With a low whine of delight, Sheelah pricked up her ears and sprang forward down the road leading to her old home.

It was not until after she had left the Parsonage behind her that Thir realized the desolation of the road. As she neared the Cambray plantations, the sombre shadow of the pines across the road seemed to crush her, and beyond the strip of common on her other side the mysterious dimness of the hills looked all the more mysterious and impenetrable because of the rosy light behind them, against which their jagged edges stood out with frosty clearness.

It seemed to her that she was journeying into the region of perpetual shadows, and a little tremor shook her as if she had encountered a breath of ice-cold wind.

Still she held on for some distance, influenced by the lurking hope of meeting Tryan; and it was not until she reached the bend in the road, and saw it stretching away in a straight unending line for miles before her, deserted and dim, that she changed her mind about going on and called Sheelah back to her. The dog came obediently, and crouched, disappointed, at her feet.

It was from this spot, just where the road took a curve away from the hills, that the quarry path started; but Thir had not noticed it, and, when she stopped abruptly, impressed by the dreary loneliness, the path was exactly behind her. She stood for a few moments, unwilling to turn back even now, until the silence was suddenly broken by a shrill warning bark from Sheelah.

Thir glanced at the dog and then behind her, where Sheelah was looking. There was a man coming towards her across the common, with the fading light behind him.

For a moment the thought that it might be Tryan set her heart beating eagerly; but the hope passed immediately. The man now approaching was about Tryan's size, but he had not Tryan's carriage. He had the loose rolling gait seen so often in sailors; he carried his head badly, too, for it was drooping forward between his shoulders; and, as he came nearer, Thir saw that his hair hung down behind his ears in a thick bushy mass.

This was all she could see of him, because his face was in deep shadow; but his appearance was certainly not prepossessing, and she wished she was safely back in the village High Street.

She did not move, for it was of no use attempting to get away; she would pretend she was waiting for something—it would be safer than turning her back, at all events.

So she stood, with the last faint glimmer of light on her pale face, and watched the ungainly stranger approach. As he came nearer and nearer, she saw that he was gazing at her with a fixed rigid stare which had some element of horror or terror in it; and for some inexplicable reason she found herself compelled to return his gaze with a look as fixed and rigid as his own.

She knew now that something terrible was going to happen and a thousand conjectures went whirling through her brain, even while she clenched her small hands and set her teeth to keep herself from shrieking. But what did happen was something altogether different from what she expected.

While he was still a dozen steps away from her, he stopped, so suddenly, so abruptly that he almost fell backwards; then he raised his hands high over his head, with quivering extended fingers.

"It is you," he shrieked, in a voice thrilling with terror—"good Heavens!"

And, suddenly losing its rigidity, his body seemed to collapse in a manner most horrible to see, and he rolled forward in a shapeless mass at her feet.

Without a pause, without a cry, Thir turned and ran, panting and breathless, down the lonely road towards the Rectory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

RIGHT AND LEFT.—In the United States a driver of horses sits on the right and turns his team in that direction; in England the national custom is the reverse.

CATCHING YOUR HARE.—The well-known saying, "First catch your hare," is generally credited to Mrs. Glass' Cook Book," written by Dr. John Hill in the Eighteenth Century. But in an early edition of the book the reading of the sentence is, "First case (that is, skin) your hare."

SHAKSPEARE.—Numerous works have been written to prove that Shakspeare was a lawyer, a soldier, and so forth. It would appear that his reputation as an ornithologist is now legitimately established. His concise descriptions of the "russet-pated choughs," the plain-sung "cuckoo gray," the temple-haunting martlet, etc., are all true to nature.

BUDDHISM.—According to the Buddhist form of religion, a man lives 12 times on earth, his soul returning after each demise to some animal, beginning with one of the lower varieties, like a reptile, a crocodile or a wolf, and then each time he dies afterwards returning to some animal of a higher type. In this way there is a general progression of the soul until it reaches the animal representing the highest type of all, which is the white elephant.

THE HARP.—The harp was the principal musical instrument of both the ancient and the mediæval world. The ancient Egyptians lavished their artistic genius upon its design and decoration. Its tone and pitch were brought to perfection by the Druids of Britain, and in 1810 Sebastian Erard raised it into the front rank of modern musical instruments, from which it has been displaced by the pianoforte. And it has been associated with the Gaelic people from time immemorial.

A GREAT CLOTHIER.—Thomas Stumps was one of the greatest clothiers in England. He lived in the reign of Henry VIII, and is said to have maintained so many in his trade that, when the above-mentioned King—who had been hunting in Bredon forest—came with his train of courtiers and servants to dine with him, he was not surprised, but, commanding his workmen to abstain one meal till night, did with the same provisions give the King and his Court such a plentiful entertainment of wholesome, though not dainty food, that they went away well satisfied.

SMALL ISLANDS.—The island on which the Eddystone Lighthouse stands is the smallest inhabited one in the world. At low water it is thirty feet in diameter; at high water the lighthouse, the diameter of which at the base is twenty-eight and three-quarters feet, completely covers it. It is inhabited by three persons, and nine miles off the Cornish coast, and fourteen miles south-west of Plymouth breakwater. Flatholme, an island in the British Channel, is only a mile and a half in circumference, but, consisting mostly of rich pasture-land, supports a farmhouse besides the lighthouse, which has a revolving light one hundred and sixty-five feet above the sea.

ROYALTY.—Queen Victoria's daily income is $8,000. The Emperor of Germany gets $10,000 a day. The King of Italy manages to exist on $8,000 daily. Austria's Emperor rakes in every day $12,500. The Czar of Russia scoops in the snug sum of $30,000 every twenty-four hours. The Sultan of Turkey is enabled to buy new bonnets for his harem frequently, as his daily income is $30,000. The King of Belgium keeps the wolf away from the door on $2,000 per diem. The impecunious Prince of Wales won $40,000 on the turf last season, and yet has a hard struggle to keep up with the procession.

LEGAL TAUTOLOGY.—Some idea of the tautology of the legal formula may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein, if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," he must set forth his "act and deed" thus: "I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, anything heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of what kind or nature soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

CHANGE.

BY W. O. A. D.

Think not, when the morn is lightest,
And the rising sun is brightest,
Long the smiling hour will stay—
Tempest loud
And thunder-cloud
Come in the sweetest Summer day!

Deem not, when the Winter torrents
Swell the misty mountain-currents,
That the skies will lower for aye—
Stormy showers
Bring sweet flowers,
And the sun will smile the rain away!

Then fear not thou the darkest hours,
Nor spare to pluck the sweetest flowers,
Nor trust the feast, nor dread the fray—
Or lost or won,
Life soon is done,
And dies in the dawn of a brighter day!

OUT IN THE WORLD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MIDDLETON'S MONEY," "NORA'S LOVE TEST," "A SHADOW ON THE THRESHOLD."

CHAPTER XLIV.

EVA and her father left Averleigh the next morning.

Lady Janet had spent several hours with Eva on the preceding night; but of what had passed between the two women she never spoke. Lord Averleigh had also gone to White Cot, and had seen Mr. Winsdale and had sent his love to Eva; but neither did he speak of his interview.

Heriot did not know what to do. He longed, with a longing beyond description, to go straight to her, but something held him back. She had been betrothed to Stannard Marshbank. She must have loved him, at one time, at any rate.

He felt as if he dared not intrude upon her grief, as if the sight of him must inevitably render her distress more poignant. He stood, out of sight, and watched the carriage take them to the station, for he dared not go and see them off. Then he went back to the Court, a free man, it is true, the most popular man in the county, but the most restless, and almost the unhappiest.

When Stannard Marshbank had been buried, the earl tried to persuade Heriot to go abroad, though his presence was an unspeakable joy to Lady Janet and himself. But Heriot refused.

"I have been away too long, father," he said; "my place is by your side, and I shall stay."

So he remained, filling the place which belonged to him, and doing his duty as the son and heir.

Every day increased his popularity, and every day strengthened the respect with which the people regarded him. It seemed almost incredible that this young man could be the same Heriot Fayne with whose wild and reckless doings all London had amused itself.

Now and again a touch of the old buoyancy and reckless spirit would make itself felt; when, for instance, he was taking a particularly high piece of timber—for he was now Master of the Hounds—or when he was beguiled into playing football with the boys on the green—for he not seldom joined in their sports and amusements.

At these times there would come into his eyes the flash of light, into his voice the ringing tone which belonged to Coster Dick; but these flashes of the old spirit were not frequent.

He did not mope or avoid society, but he spent a good many hours striding about the country, or in the solitude of his own room. From thence the sweet strains of his violin would float to Lady Janet's boudoir, and she would sigh and shake her head—and think of Eva.

For weeks Eva's name was not mentioned. None of them could bring themselves to speak of her, though she was ever in their thoughts; but one day Lady Janet remarked, falteringly, in the presence of the two men, that she had heard from Mr. Winsdale. Heriot started slightly, but did not raise his eyes from his plate. The earl glanced at him anxiously.

"How is she—how are they?" he asked, looking down at his plate.

"Mr. Winsdale says he thinks Eva is better," said Lady Janet, in a low voice.

Heriot looked the question, "Has she been ill?"

"She has been very ill," said Lady Janet, tremulously, "and Mr. Winsdale has been very anxious; but he hopes that the change will do her good. They are at Ouchy."

Nothing more was said until Heriot had left the room, which he did very soon, then Lord Averleigh said—

"How long is this to go on, Jane? He is simply wearing out his heart for her."

The tears came into Lady Janet's eyes.

"I know!" she said; "but what can we do? If he were to go to Eva now she would not see him; she would send him away for ever."

The weeks passed, and one day Lord Averleigh received a letter from Stannard's solicitor. Would Lord Averleigh, as Mr. Marshbank's next-of-kin, kindly wind up Mr. Marshbank's affairs? His papers were at Lord Averleigh's disposal.

"I will go," said Heriot.

He went up to town, and the papers were placed before him. They revealed the fact that Stannard had for years been dabbling, under an assumed name, in stocks and shares, and that he was a comparatively wealthy man.

This did not interest Heriot very much, but two documents amongst the heap startled and bewildered him. One was the report of the mining expert, the other was the mortgage on Mr. Winsdale's property.

The lawyer watched him gravely as he examined them.

"You were not aware of this, Lord Fayne?" he said.

"No," said Heriot.

"There is something remarkable about those papers," said the lawyer, gravely. "I know the Winsdale property; that mortgage more than covers its whole value. He could have sold Mr. Winsdale up and beggared him at six months' notice."

Heriot nodded.

"About that report," continued the lawyer; "it's a very extraordinary, but I know Robinson, and I met him the other day. I was mentioning that I had it amongst my papers, and he swore—he is a nervous, excitable man—that he never gave it; in short that some of the numerals had been altered. I showed him the Report, but he stuck to his assertion. He says that he made a memorandum in his commonplace book, and that he distinctly remembers telling Mr. Marshbank that the specimens were worthless. No one could have altered that Report but Mr. Marshbank, and why should he do it?"

"I don't know," said Heriot; "but I'll think it over."

He thought it over as he went back to the Court, and he and the Earl discussed it for hours. At last Heriot saw the whole thing.

"I see it now!" he exclaimed. He had Winsdale in his power! He altered the Report and led Winsdale into exploiting the mine, then, when ruin threatened, he got him to execute this mortgage——"

"But I gave Stannard a check to cover any loss Mr. Winsdale may have sustained," said Lord Averleigh.

Heriot smiled grimly.

"Which poor Stannard pocketed. Don't you see, sir," he continued, with an agitation which arose from a sudden hope, "that Stannard held Mr. Winsdale under his thumb, that he could dictate his own terms, that Eva would do anything to save her father!"

The Earl sprang to his feet.

"Good heavens—how blind we have been, Heriot!" he exclaimed. "We might have known that a girl so pure and high-minded as Eva could not have cared for Stannard! What is to be done?"

They were in the library. Heriot caught up a Continental Bradshaw."

"Would you mind asking Aunt Janet to see to the packing of a portmanteau for me, sir?" he said. "And if you'll order the dogcart, I think I can catch the train."

* * * * * *

Ouchy is a charming place at all times; but it is never perhaps more charming and beautiful than in the early spring. The mountain tops are still covered with snow, which, indeed, runs down in places to the very verge of the lake.

The lake itself is at this time of the year at its very bluest—and what a wonderful blue it is! The sun catches the snow and is reflected in the water; the houses seem to bask in the warm glow. One almost fancies that the grapes have already formed and are growing yellow on the leafless vines.

At no other time of the year do the lateen sails of the boats look whiter or more bird-like; at no other time of the year does a profounder peace brood over the lovely valley which lies beneath the Dent du Midi.

Ouchy is a place to dream in. Perhaps Eva was dreaming one morning as she sat under the lines on the pier and looked at the steamboat which puffed its way across the blue expanse of water from Geneva. For months past she had watched that steamer with a listless indifference.

At this time of the year its decks are not crowded with English and American tourists; only persons with business to transact at Ouchy, Lausanne, or Vevey patronise it; stolid Germans, alert Swiss, and now and again a restless Frenchman, travelling in silks or wine, alone "trouble the barque."

On this morning Eva was alone. Her father had gone up to the cafe at Lausanne to read the English paper and smoke a Swiss cigar. She had recovered from her serious illness, but was still looking rather pale and wan; but so beautiful that the Swiss girl who keeps the restaurant which does so brisk a trade in the tourist season, eyed her with an admiration which would have been embarrassing if Eva had been conscious of it.

The steamer puffed up to the pier, and the passengers landed. Eva watched them listlessly, but suddenly the crimson flooded her face, and her hand closed spasmodically over the sunshade which the brilliant sun had made necessary.

Was she dreaming—or was this stalwart man——

He came towards her, his eyes fixed upon her face, his color coming and going. He raised his hat and had got hold of her hand almost before she knew it.

"Eva!" he said.

She tried to rise, but she could not. He still held her hand—and as if it belonged to him.

She fought hard for composure. She had scarcely glanced at him, and now she looked straight at the blue lake stretching before her. She had never expected to see him again; she had thought of him daily; she had dreamt of him nightly; but that he should be sitting beside her had seemed the wildest of improbabilities.

"Where is your father?" he asked; for one must say something.

"At Lausanne," she said.

There was a pause, then she remembered that he must have come from somewhere, that he must be tired—perhaps hungry.

"Have you come from England?" she said.

"Yes," he said; "I came straight on to Geneva. I didn't wait for the train to Lausanne; it would have made me two hours later."

She might have asked why he was traveling in such a desperate hurry, but she did not. Instead she said—

"Will you come up to the hotel—it is not far. Or perhaps you would rather like to go to the Chateau; it is larger than ours?"

"I will go with you, if you please," he said.

They walked side by side up the steep street, to a little hotel nestling, all green and white, and balcony and gable, amongst the trees and vines.

Eva had a book with her; he took it out of her hand and carried it, as a matter of course. She stopped half way up the hill and caught her breath, for she was not quite strong yet, and, besides, his sudden appearance had set her heart beating wildly; he took her hand and drew her arm within his, also as a matter of course. In fact, there was a certain quiet resolute masterfulness about him which half frightened her.

She led him into a pretty little sitting room opening on to the balcony, and overlooking the blue lake.

"Shall I get you something?" she said, trying to speak with conventional repose "father will be back directly."

"No, thanks," said Heriot, "I will wait until he comes back."

This self-invitation might have struck Eva as rather cool, to say the least of it; but she did not appear to notice it, and, taking off her hat, stood with downcast eyes, as if not knowing what to say. But it seemed as if Heriot knew what to say, and he began at once—

"You don't ask me why I have come," he said, quietly.

The color came and went in Eva's face, and the fingers which smoothed the ribbons of her hat trembled.

"Why have you come?" she said.

He looked at her with all a lover's eagerness, but held himself well in hand.

"I came because I have something to say to you," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

She shook her head; but, all the same, sank obediently into the chair. Heriot seated himself on the other side of the table, with his arms stretched across it, his eyes fixed on hers.

"I should have come before, but I didn't know that I had any right to do so until just two days ago; then I started at once, and here I am."

It was an unnecessary piece of information, for he was quite large enough to be seen.

"I've come to tell you that I love you, and to ask you to be my wife."

Eva's face grew hot, then went very pale. She half rose, but then sank down again, and turned her face from him, with a kind of proud humility.

"You have no right——"

"I beg your pardon," he said, firmly, but gently. "I have the right to tell you that I love you; I have the right to ask you to be my wife; though I know that I am not worthy of you."

"Have you forgotten?" she faltered.

"I have forgotten nothing," he said, in exactly the same tone.

"That only a few months ago I was to have been the wife of——"

Her voice broke, but she struggled for composure

"That his actions had covered me with shame and rendered my name a by-word?"

"I have forgotten nothing," he repeated. "More, I have discovered the secret of your engagement to——"

He would not speak Stannard's name.

She started, and her hands clasped each other in her lap, and writhed.

"Yes," he said, "if anything could have made me love you more, worship you more devotedly, this knowledge would have caused me to do so. But you were wrong, Eva! No woman has a right to make such a sacrifice as you were about to make—no father has a right to exact it!"

He got up, and, going round to her, knelt at her side, and took both her hands.

"Eva, though I seem to scold you, my heart is full of pride in you. Where is there another woman who would have done what you were prepared to do—even for a father?"

The tears were in her eyes now. She tried to draw her hands away, but he held them tightly.

"And now there shall be no more of that. We will never speak of it again—never. It shall be buried from this moment. And now, Eva, what will you say to me? Will you send me away, and render the rest of my life wretched; and not only mine, but the dear old father at home, who loves us both—who longs to claim you as his daughter? If you love me don't send me away."

"Yes—for your own sake," came from her lips, brokenly.

"Then I refuse to go," he said. "For my own sake, I intend to remain by your side till Death parts us."

She tried once more to draw her hands from his, but he put them round his neck, and, drawing her towards him, kissed her passionately.

Her head sank upon his shoulder; her face was hidden on his breast. She was shaken by short, quick sobs, and every now and then her arms tightened round him, and she murmured inarticulate words of love and joy.

Mr. Winsdale coming in with his light and juvenile step found them thus. He stopped on the threshold, staring with natural amazement, and would have retreated on tip-toe, but Eva became aware of his presence, and with a cry started to her feet, and fled past him, very narrowly avoiding knocking him down. Mr. Winsdale still stared at the remaining lover.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed.

"Just so," said Heriot, his face glowing with love and happiness; "I'm afraid I've rather taken you by surprise?"

"Surprise is a wild word," said Mr. Winsdale, looking round the room as if he yet scarcely realised Heriot's presence. "I didn't know—I didn't expect—— What on earth does it all mean?"

"It means that I have just asked Eva to be my wife, and that she has consented—with your permission."

Mr. Winsdale dropped into a chair.

"My dear fellow——"

"I came on other business, too," said Heriot. "My father wished me to give you these."

He laid the report and the mortgage upon the table. Mr. Winsdale looked at them, and changed color.

"The report had been altered—you will guess with what motive."

Mr. Winsdale flushed angrily.

"Good Heavens! Is it possible a man could be such a villain? I see it all now."

Heriot took the two papers and placed them on the top of the stove.

"Have you got a match?" he said. "Thanks."

He set fire to the documents, and the two men watched them in silence, until only a little heap of black ash remained.

Mr. Winsdale was the first to speak.

"How can I thank you!" he faltered.

"By persuading Eva to marry me as soon as possible," he said, with business-like promptitude.

"My dear fellow," responded Mr. Winsdale, with a candor as remarkable as any which he had ever displayed, "you may count upon me! Eva's happiness is the only thing I have to live for, and I am sure—quite sure—that it will be safe in your keeping."

He was considerate enough to remember that he had left a cigarette case—"rather a valuable one, my dear Fayne"—at the cafe, and he begged Heriot to excuse him while he went back to fetch it. So that when Eva ventured down again she found Heriot alone; and as Mr. Winsdale did not return they had their lunch together alone.

Perhaps it was because they felt lonely that, when the little Swiss maid had left the room they sat so close together.

Perhaps, also, it was because these two had eaten so many meals in sorrow and bitterness that this frugal repast seemed to them an Olympian feast, which the gods themselves might envy. Not that Eva ate much, but Heriot was hungry, though in love; and the part which Eva most enjoyed in the feast was the waiting upon this great, big, half-famished lover, who had travelled post-haste across the continent to take her, almost by force of arms, to his heart.

After lunch, and she had rolled up a cigarette for him, and was sitting on the floor at his knee, Heriot drew a ring from his pocket.

"Hold up your hand," he said.

Eva obeyed, as she would have obeyed any command of his, and he slipped an engagement ring upon her finger.

"You brought it with you?" she said, a little startled by his "previousness."

"Yes," he said. "It seems rather cool, doesn't it? But you see I had missed you once already by sheer folly, and I didn't mean to do so again. I shouldn't have taken 'No' for an answer; not because I was sure of your love, dearest, but because I was sure that mine would win it sooner or later. Do you like the ring?"

"Yes," she said, and as she spoke she drew something from some hiding-place, and held it up to him. "And I will give you this one in exchange."

It was the little turquoise ring. Heriot uttered an exclamation of delighted surprise.

"He must have stolen it!"

"Yes," she said, gravely. "But I give it back to you now, Heriot—and the life you saved that morning!"

* * * * * *

Grace and Johnnie went back to town. They had been much missed by their fashionable patrons, and Grace found quite a pile of letters offering her engagements. They took up the old life as if there had been no break in it. But Grace was often very thoughtful, so thoughtful and absent-minded that sometimes she failed to answer Johnnie when he asked her a question.

It wasn't always necessary to answer him, for Johnnie was wont to ramble on about Averleigh, and the Warners, and Mr. Jones in a self-communing fashion. He talked most of Mr. Jones, for whom he had a very warm affection; and somehow, Grace never seemed bored by the frequent allusions to that gentleman.

Nor was she, I think, very much surprised when, on returning one afternoon from an "At Home," she found Mr. Jones seated bolt upright on a chair awaiting them.

"Is—is anything the matter?" asked Grace, with a sudden pallor, which disappeared as suddenly as it had come.

"No," said Mr. Jones, holding her hand for quite an unnecessary time. "At least there is something very much the matter. Don't be alarmed, it's only with me."

"I am very sorry," said Grace. "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"Yes, there is," said Mr. Jones. "Johnnie, would you mind going to the front door and waiting for a boy with a box. I told him to bring it after me. It's some primroses and violets from Averleigh Park. I thought you'd like to have them."

Johnnie hastened out of the room, and felt his way down stairs, and for some reason best known to himself, laughed joyously but quietly, as he went.

"The fact is, Miss Grace," said Mr. Jones, "I've come up on business connected with you. But as I've also come up on business of my own, perhaps you'll let me mention that first?"

"Certainly," said Grace, as she poked up the fire and proceeded to lay the cloth for tea. "I hope it's pleasant business."

"That depends upon you, Miss Grace."

"Upon me?" exclaimed Grace, flushing a rosy red, and then turning pale.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "I've come up to ask if you'd have any objection to marrying me?"

Grace looked at him, then turned away.

"I hope you haven't," said Mr. Jones, "because you are the only woman I ever wanted to marry, and the only one I ever shall. I'm a very lonely man, and quite recently—in fact, to be exact, since the day I had the honor and pleasure of paying you my first visit—I have felt that I couldn't endure my loneliness any longer, that is, if you'll consent to share it."

"You ask me after—after all that has happened?" she faltered.

"Yes," he said simply, and that was all. If he had said another word it is very likely he would have lost her; but that simple, manly "Yes" went straight to Grace's heart.

"And now," said Mr. Jones, after an interval, which had been occupied by certain details which need not be set down, "for the other business. Don't you speak, my dear, until I've finished; then, if you approve of what I suggest, just nod your head. It seems"—with a little cough—"that a certain person, who died accidentally the other day, left a rather large sum of money behind him. Now Lord Averleigh thinks that money ought to come to you, but for once I disagree with his lordship—who is about the finest specimen of an old English gentleman that ever drew breath. His lordship and I disagree. I think the money ought to go to a big charity; say the Police Orphanage. Do you think I'm right?"

Grace nodded, and wiped the tears from her eyes; and, it may be mentioned, she also kissed Mr. Jones of her own accord.

"There's no boy there," said Johnnie, coming in, after shuffling his feet noisily outside of the door.

"Oh? Oh, no, Johnnie!" said Mr. Jones. "I quite forgot that I left them at the hotel. You and I will go and fetch them. And, I say, Johnnie, what's your opinion about wedding-cake? Do you like almonds in the sugar—that white stuff on the top, you know—or not?"

Johnnie understood, and feeling his way to Grace, put his arm round her neck.

"I'm going to lose you, Grace, my sister," he said, with a gulp in his throat.

"Oh, no, you're not, Johnnie, my boy!" said Mr. Jones, cheerily. "That's where you make the mistake, you're not going to lose a sister, but to gain a brother! Come on, we'll go and sample that cake, and hurry back to tea!"

[THE END.]

Nora's Devotion.

BY M. K. D.

"AH, HOW pretty she is!" he said. "Was there ever such a pretty lass, d'ye think, Nora?"

"Perhaps not," said Nora; and she took her milking pails, and followed May, going on before with a light step and a gay song toward the meadow where the cows browsed. But when she was quite out of hearing of Ned Wilton, sitting upon the stile, she muttered to herself, "Pretty! pretty! pretty! Ah, they ring the changes upon that, these men, as the old bell-ringer that knew but his one tune used to do, down in the church tower. Pretty! pretty! pretty! It's never 'good;' its never 'honest;' its never 'true.' It's always 'pretty.'" Then she stopped and looked up, and said, with a quiver of passionate grief in her voice: "Oh, I'd give the world just to hear Ned Wilton call me pretty? What a fool I am!" and she went on with her pails toward the cows—Brown Bess and Lily White and Pretty Polly.

Certainly Nora was not pretty; and what there was in her face the man on the stile would have been the last to see. Had she been a queen, many would have seen something strangely fair and regular in her face.

Had she been only a rich gentleman's daughter, some one might have dreamed of those deep eyes and that pure brow of hers; but red and white, and fat and dimples, were the recognised beauties of the locality, as indeed they are all over the world, to such folk as her lot was cast among; and Nora was spoken of as "plain."

Two years before she had taken into her foolish head to like Ned Wilton very much; and he, the farmer's son, had thought well enough of the dairy-maid to say some very pleasant things to her. She had had a sweet dream, but May Britton's coming broke it. Her beauty was very bright and rare, and Ned forgot the nice girl he had been so fond of chatting with, for the pretty one who smiled and glanced at him.

She was not so good as Nora; she had not half her earnestness and constancy; but the face was all to Ned. So May Britton wore a little plain gold ring that he had given her, and had promised to be his wife in mid-summer; and Nora knew it, and outwardly gave no sign that she suffered—only now and then, as at this moment when Ned bade her notice May.

They lived upon the coast of Lincolnshire, and it was years ago. None of them knew how to write more than their names. The farmer's deepest lore was the market price of grain. Outside of them, the great world rolled on without giving them any sign of its existence.

And none of them had ever read a novel or poem, or seen a play. But they acted out the drama just as well, and Ned loved May and cared nothing for Nora, and Nora loved Ned and hated May. And May knew the whole, and triumphed over Nora, and cared a little, not much, for Ned, because of his broad shoulders and brown curls.

The girls slept together in an upper room of the house, and on her wedding eve May spread out gown and shoes and cheap white veil, and, dancing about them, boasted that when the morrow's sun set she would be mistress of the house, and Nora her servant.

And Nora, thinking of the old grandmother who had begged her not to lose so good a place, said nothing, but stood silent, pale-faced and wan, and felt a bitter hate rising in her heart. Ned was away at the town, and would not be back until next morning, the morning of his wedding. The old folks were asleep below. How easy it would be, in the dead of night, to do this beautiful, boasting creature some harm—to mar her beauty, or even to end her life!

The thoughts grew so, and were so horrible, that Nora could not be sure of herself. May, watching her, saw only a deadly whiteness creep over her lips, and, with the first touch of pity in her heart, folded her veil away, and said, unwisely enough, but meaning it kindly—

"No doubt the next wedding will be yours, Nora."

Then Nora, without a look, turned and left the room. She sought to be safe from herself, for fiendish thoughts possessed her; and, longing for solitude, she climbed a ladder that led to the tiled roof, and, seeking the shelter of the great chimney, sat down in its shadow, and looked up at the sky. It was calm, and full of stars. Its peacefulness had an instant influence on her. Repentant tears began to flow. She prayed as simple children pray: "Please make me good!"

And all the hate for May left her heart, and her love for Ned—her yearning, aching love for him—softened into a sort of tender memory. Soon, with her white, well-developed milk-maid's arms under her head, she slept upon the mossy roof, under the canopy of the stars.

At last she began to dream. They were going to church—May and Ned—and she heard the wedding bells; but going in at the door she saw, instead of gaily-dressed guests, mourners all in black and a coffin before the altar, and gave a scream and wakened. Bells were ringing, but not wedding bells—the bells that tolled if there were any need of the men of the place—if fire broke out or robbers were heard, or there were any rioting in the town. What could it mean? Nora listened.

A strange surging sound fell upon her ears. Lights gleamed in all the houses. The truth flashed upon her. Years before her old grandmother had told her how the old sea wall had been washed away, and a tide had risen and swept in upon them on that wild coast, carrying with it, as it went out, kine and flocks and little dwellings, and even land itself; and how there was mourning throughout the land for those that it had done to death—men and women and children—so that many a household long remembered it with woe. This had happened again. The sea wall was down—the floods were sweeping in. The bells were ringing as they had rung before in the ears of those who now lay in their graves—ringing to tell the same tale to those who were then unborn.

The house in which Nora dwelt was old, and near the sea—far from all human aid too; and its occupants were two very old people and two girls. The only one who could have aided them was far away, and the waters were rising even now above the windows of the lower rooms.

She could see the starlight reflected in it in gleams and sparkles, and she knew that the old people must be drowned in their beds if she did not waken them. She went down into the room where they slept, and cried out, as she shook them, "The tide has risen again! The tide has risen! Hear the bells!"

Then she led them, trembling and weeping in their helpless old age, to the roof, and found May already crouched there. She was crying also, and she turned to Nora and clutched her arm.

"Will the water rise so far?" she asked. "Shall I drown—I who was to be married to-morrow? Oh, it can't be, Nora!"

"Others will go with you," said Nora. "There are four of us."

"But no other besides me would have been so happy and so proud to-morrow," May moaned. The old people shook and prayed, and cried softly. Nora, calm and silent, kept watch. The lights floating about told that boats were out. Help might come even yet but the water was creeping up. It filled the house. It lapped the eaves. Still it rose higher and higher. Those upon the roof climbed to the very apex of its slope, and clung there, but the water reached their feet, and May was quite mad with terror, when a light glimmered close before them, and a voice cried:

"Good folks, there's room for some here. How many of you are there?"

"Four," said Nora.

"We've room for three," said the voice. "Is it Wilton's folk?"—"Yes."

Then a stout fellow strode over the roof and carried away the old woman, and then the old man, and came back.

"We'll return for the other as soon as we can," said he; "keep up courage;" and seized Nora's arm. "In with you!" he cried. "There's little time to spare!"

And May gave a scream, and cried, "Don't leave me! don't leave me!"

Then Nora, in whose heart jealousy had lighted its fires but an hour or so before, felt that the angels had quenched it with the waters of love. She wrenched her strong, white arm from the grasp of the man who held it.

"Leave me, and take her," she said. "I'm not afraid. I'll wait. And she is to be Ned Wilton's wife to-morrow. Save her for his sake."

She commanded; she did not implore. The man who listened hardly thought of her sacrifice. He obeyed. May was in the boat.

"Keep courage until we come back!" he shouted, and rowed away.

Nora clung to the chimney side, and kept her feet firm on the roof; but they were ankle-deep now. The water was rising still. She knew that there was little hope, but she was very happy.

"Oh, dear, dear Ned!" she said, "you'll have your love to-morrow. What's plain Nora to any one? Who'll miss her but a poor old woman who'll follow her soon? But she, May is half your life, Ned. Oh God be thanked that I can give myself for May, for your sake!"

And in the starlight her face shone, calm and sweet and happy as the water arose toward it. At last her feet lost their hold, and her strength was gone. She was lifted and whirled away; the long brown hair, unloosened, swept far behind her; the marble face gleamed through rings of water that the starlight made a halo of. A voice sobbing through it said: "Ned! Ned! darling Ned, good-bye!" and there was nothing to be seen but the flood still rising, and the sky spread out above it.

On the morrow Nora Abbot's body was found lying close to the old church, whence by that time the water had retreated. And Ned and May, among others, came to see.

May wept. Ned stood quiet, but with a strange regret in his blue eyes. The story of her sacrifice thrilled his heart. He looked down at her face, on which the beauty of her beautiful love and unselfishness had rested in her dying moments, leaving an angelic smile upon the marble lips, and said in a dreamy way:

"May, she was pretty. I never knew Nora Abbot was pretty before."

And then he kissed her.

DENTISTRY AMONG THE CHINESE.—It would seem that in dentistry as well as in ways that are dark "the heathen Chinee is peculiar." They appear to have three methods of treatment: (1) extraction, the patient's attention being distracted and his lamentations overpowered by the beating of a loud gong; (2) the application of arsenic to kill an exposed pulp; and (3) the extraction of "tooth worms." This latter operation, usually performed by women, is very frequently resorted to, and undoubtedly worms are produced from the tooth, as these amateur dentists adopt the same principle as the lithotomist in the story—who used always to provide against finding his diagnosis had been mistaken by taking a pebble of suitable size in his waistcoat.

NEVER MORE.

BY E. C.

Some limner with deft hand may trace
A likeness to our shrouded dead—
The glowing tints, the perfect grace,
The faultless form, the beauteous head.

"How like! How like!" We say it o'er,
Till as a Nemesis comes pain
With consciousness that never more
Our parted can return again.

Into the great "for ever" gone—
No "never" there; but evermore
Beauty and Life and Love flow on,
A boundless sea without a shore!

O Death (and yet we call thee so,
Chartered deliv'rer though thou be),
"Life" for thy watchword thou shouldst show,
Thy countersign "Eternity!"

Grannie.

BY S. F.

"THEN you are determined to go?"

"Don't word your question as if I were a very obstinate young woman," exclaimed Flora Vane, with a pleading smile at her lover, who was cloaking her, after a concert. "It was an old promise, that when my school friend, Lettie Morris, married, I should pay her a long visit. She has just called upon me to fulfil it. I am sorry, for I do not wish to leave London now," and her shy, tender glance gave significance to the monosyllable, "but how can I refuse?"

"Cannot you excuse yourself on the plea that you are otherwise engaged?" he demanded, sancily.

"I could, but it would only make Lettie more eager to have me before——"

"Before we follow her example, and wed," said Hurst Winnington, finishing the sentence for her. "I suppose I shall have to make a martyr of myself, and spare you, but it will be on the condition that you come back to me in a week, or ten days at farthest. But, stay, is this fair Dettie happily married? If not, I shall not care to trust you with her. She might whisper such doleful revelations into your ears that you would be afraid to enter the holy bonds."

Flora's eyes beamed with happy confidence in the speaker.

"There would be no danger, even if Lettie were not content with her husband. She is a lively, good-natured girl, not half as exacting as I am. She tells me Mr. Lowndes is twenty years older than herself, and so absorbed in business—he is the owner of large factories at Blackford—that she does not see much of him. I should not like that, you know, though she does not seem to mind it."

And now Flora's voice took a softer tone, as she went on to say:

"Of course you and I must look forward to being separated for some hours daily while you are in the city; but you must never shut me out of your confidence, dear Hurst! Whatever your anxieties may be, I shall want to share them."

He made a hasty reply to her affectionate speech, for his thoughts were taken up with something she had said before.

"Blackford! Did you tell me your friend lives at Blackford? What a curious coincidence!"

"Belmont Villa is the name of the house Mr. Lowndes has just bought, and it stands in the midst of very pretty scenery, I am quoting from one of Lettie's epistles. But why do you call it a strange coincidence? Have you any relatives in that neighborhood?"

"One; my mother's mother."

Before Hurst Winnington could add anything to this announcement the querulous voice of her sister-in-law called Flora away.

"It is very thoughtless of you young people," Mrs. Vane told him, "to keep me standing in this draughty ante-room. I can confirm the old saying, that lovers are proverbially selfish."

As, in duty bound, Hurst Winnington politely apologised, and led Mrs. Vane to her brougham, Flora followed demurely, and endured, in silence, the fretful rebukes levelled at her as she and her brother's wife drove home.

She could have defended herself by reminding that lady that she herself was the cause of the delay, Hurst having joined her betrothed while she was awaiting the conclusion of her chaperon's gossip with a matron of her acquaintance.

But she had learned the prudence of keeping silence when found fault with.

Three years ago it was Flora who ruled the household of her brother, a fairly successful lawyer, and it was a bitter blow to her feelings, as well as her sense of right, when he made a marriage of interest. It was difficult to forgive him for marrying a rich spinster of uncertain age and temper.

As soon as the wedding festivities were over, Flora would have withdrawn herself, preferring a toilsome life, as companion or governess, to dependency in a house of which she had been mistress.

But her brother's pride forbade it, much to the annoyance of his wife, who did not care for the companionship of a girl whose prettiness and cheerfulness kept her continually reminded of her own vanished youth and peevish humors.

She rejoiced at Flora's engagement; but it was purely from selfish motives. She had no sympathy with Flora's happiness; and the gratitude of the poor little bride elect might have felt for the trousseau which, by Mr. Vane's orders, was being prepared for her, was poisoned by the grudging spirit and many taunts from his wife that accompanied it.

She did not see Hurst again till on the point of departure for Blackford, and then only found time to say:

"How odd that I should be going to the very town where your own family resides!"

Hurst gave a little sigh.

"My dear, you mistook me. I haven't a relative in the world but Grannie. Both my parents died abroad years since, and the uncle to whom I owe my partnership at Robson and Danesbury's is dead too."

"Does your grandmother know of our engagement? Will she call upon me?"

"Not likely," was the prompt reply. "She—she wouldn't feel at home at Belmont Villa, I'm afraid, nor be very welcome there."

"Why do you say that? Is she—oh! Hurst—is she very poor?"

Mr. Winnington hesitated.

"She has enough to live upon, and has a very independent spirit. I have not time to tell you more about the dear old lady now, for here comes your train."

But Flora put her head out of the carriage window, after the final good-byes had been said, in order to ask another question.

"About your grandmother, Hurst—if she will not care to call on me, shall I pay her a visit?"

Again he paused before replying.

"Grannie would be very pleased. I know she is longing to see you, but——"

Now what could that "but" mean? Flora pondered over it all through her journey; but she knew she must not demand explanations just at present.

"Give me her address, quick."

To this Hurst demurred.

"She is in such a miserable part of Blackford. Your friends would be horrified if they were to hear your proposed venturing there."

"They need not know anything about it. I shall go, so give me the direction."

It was scribbled on a leaf, torn from Hurst's pocket-book, and tossed into her lap after the train was in motion. "Mrs. Winnington, Darby's Rents, North Town, Blackford."

And Flora looked grave as she read it.

Well born herself, and somewhat proud of her lineage, it chilled her a little to be obliged to feel that the man whose only surviving relative dwelt in the meanest suburb of Blackford, must be her inferior in position.

But then, he was Hurst—her Hurst; strong minded, sensible, intellectual. As polished a man as if his parentage were far more aristocratic than hers. And then he loved her. Girls who could boast of greater beauty, and superior accomplishments, would have gladly listened to the addresses of the junior partner in the highly respectable city firm; and if his grandmother proved to be a commonplace, vulgar old woman—why, she must be borne with for his dear sake.

Mrs. Lowndes was delighted to see her friend, and being very fond of gaiety, had planned so much paying and receiving visits, and sight-seeing, that Flora found it difficult to get an hour's leisure.

It was no use trying to excuse herself on the plea of being unused to so much dissipation. Dressing, dancing, and flirting, were the pursuits to which Mrs. Lowndes was devoted; and if her guest pleaded for a quiet evening at home, she would declare that Flora must be ill or dull, and make greater efforts to amuse her.

It was not till a violent headache, the result of over fatigue, compelled Mrs. Lowndes to spend a morning in bed, that Flora was free to carry out her intention of walking into Blackford, and calling upon Mrs. Hurst's grandmother.

Hurst had not exaggerated when he said Darby's Rents was in one of the poorest quarters of the great manufacturing town. The tiny dwelling to which a woman directed her, was the first of a row that looked as if its occupants were exceedingly poor, though, at the same time, respectable.

The small forecourts were gay with flowers, the blinds and curtains spotlessly clean; and there were no ragged, dirty children lounging on the doorsteps.

Still, Grannie Winnington's was unmistakably the abode of poverty, and Flora's heart sank, as she descried this. It would be a blot on the character of her lover, that she could not overlook, if he, while living in comparative luxury, was ignoring the claims of an aged relative. Could it be possible that he was not the generous, or even the just man her fancy painted!

Her timid tap on the door—knocker there was none—was answered by a little old woman, leaning on a crutch-stick.

She was dressed in a black stuff gown, with a white muslin kerchief pinned across her bosom. An apron of the same material guarded her skirts, and her silvery hair was smoothly banded under an old-fashioned mob-cap.

Small and slight though she was, reminding Flora of Cinderella's fairy godmother, there was something in her mien, and the critical glances of her still bright eyes, that made her visitor feel half afraid of her. Nor did Mrs. Winnington's silence lessen the dread with which Flora found herself regarding her lover's grandmother.

For the life of her, she could not utter a word till the old woman, seeing her change color, drew back a step, and motioned to her to enter.

"You look pale, young lady. Have I frightened you? Did you come here to have your fortune told, and do you take me for the witch Jennie Farr? She lives at the other end of the row."

"My name is Flora Vane," her visitor faltered, as she sank into the rush-bottomed chair to which Mrs. Winnington pointed, seating herself where she could survey her visitor from head to foot.

"Hum! My boy's Flora, that he raves about," was the comment on this announcement. "Did he send you here? No? Then, what made you come? From Belmont Villa to Darby's Rents is a far step, in more ways than one."

"Hurst told me I should find his mother's mother living here, and——"

Here she was interrupted.

"You need not go on; I have no right to ask if it was curiosity brought you."

"It was not; indeed, it was not," cried Flora, excitedly. "He said that there are only you and he left, and——"

"True; my bonny sons and loving daughters have all been taken away—all but Hurst. I have loved him dearly, and now you have come between us with your fair face and your girlish wiles, and I lose him too."

"Ah! no, do not say that!"

And affected by the pathos with which Mrs. Winnington had spoken, Flora slid down beside the old lady, and fondled one of her withered hands.

"Do not regard me as an interloper, but let me be a daughter to you. I have no mother of my own. Will not you be a mother to me?"

Mrs. Winnington shook her head.

"Has Hurst told you my age? I shall be seventy-two next Sunday. When a woman reaches those years she should be in an almshouse or her grave, for of what use is she?"

"You would not talk in this despondING strain if you were not lonely," said Flora, compassionately. "You will not do so when you have been taken to London to share our home—Hurst's and mine."

The old lady shrugged her shoulders.

"Pouf! Of what is the child talking? Why, I should be nothing but a burden to you, you foolish young thing! At present I can walk fairly well, and wait upon myself; but in a little while I shall be infirm, perhaps helpless, and cross. Hurst will tell you, my temper is none of the best, and I am often unreasonable. I am that now at times; but when it is always, what will you do? How will you bear with the whims and exactions of the old woman then?"

"Try me," was all Flora replied; but she said it so tenderly that Mrs. Winnington bent forward and kissed her upturned face.

Then they talked of Hurst, till a cuckoo clock in a corner chimed the hour, and Mrs. Winnington reminded her visitor of the length of her stay, and bade her go.

"You have exceeded your duty. You have called upon me, and behaved very nicely, so you have satisfied your conscience, as well as your sense of what is due to Hurst's grannie."

Flora smiled.

"Do you think so? I mean to come again, if I may."

"Your friends will not let you, my dear, so be content. I am pleased to have seen you, although I had rather Hurst kept single a little longer; but he will have his own way. He was always stubborn. Fare you well."

But Flora lingered on the doorstep for a few last words.

"I am afraid you must be very dull here?"

"Not at all. I am not alone in the house. There is a good creature lying in the room above, whose eyes I promised to close long since. Nannie is younger than I am, and yet she will be the first to be taken."

Flora carried away with her a sorrowful picture of the two aged women in the little tenement in Darby's Rents, and wrote an account of her visit to Hurst, praying him to make his arrangements for their future in such wise that his grandmother could reside with them.

She was not only disappointed, but vexed, when his reply reached her. All he said on the subject so near to her heart was contained in a brief postscript to this effect:

"I am glad Grannie has seen my darling. Of course she liked you! How could she help it?"

This was as unsatisfactory as Grannie's behavior when Flora contrived to revisit Darby's Rents, for she found herself subjected to such a pitilessly keen cross examination that she came away flushed and self-reproachful.

Without intending it, she had confessed to the miserable life she was leading with her sister-in-law, and was troubled with fears lest Grannie had imbibed an idea that she was marrying to escape from Mrs. Vane's tyranny.

Other annoyances awaited her when she reached Belmont Villa. Mrs. Lowndes was so inquisitive respecting these visits to Blackford, that Flora, who scorned to have recourse to evasions, had to tell her they were made to the grandmother of the gentleman to whom she was engaged.

"Fancy!" and Mrs. Lowndes opened her eyes widely. "Then Mr.—Hurst, did you call him?—must have sprung from the people; and of course he is immensely rich, or you wouldn't have overlooked it, and accepted him, eh?"

Flora colored furiously when she heard herself accused of such mercenary motives; and, seeing she had affronted her guest, Mrs. Lowndes did not revert to the subject again.

Perhaps neither of the "friends," as they had once called themselves, regretted that Flora's sojourn at Blackford was drawing to a close.

The heedless, but good-humored, Lettie had degenerated into a careless, pleasure-loving woman, who was more inclined to ridicule the quieter tastes of her guest than to sympathise with them.

"But you must not leave us till Saturday," she said, when the day fixed for Flora's return to town was at hand. "We cannot let you go till after our bazar."

And Mr. Lowndes, though almost a nonentity in his house, if an autocrat in his factories, looked up from his newspaper to politely press the young lady to prolong her stay.

"She will, she must," said his wife. "Now, confess, Flora, that they do not expect you at home till the end of the midnight."

"They did, till yesterday," Flora admitted.

"And now you have written to say we cannot spare you? That's jolly! Call at the stationer's in the High Street, John, as you drive into town, and bid him reserve an extra seat for us at the theatrical entertainment fixed for Friday."

"Pray don't, Mr. Lowndes," interposed Flora, "for I have agreed to quit your hospitable roof on Thursday, according to previous arrangement."

"But why? But why?" she was asked impatiently.

"Because I have promised to devote a day or two to Hurst's grandmother."

"At Darby's Rents!" screamed her hearer. "It is preposterous. I cannot let you do it, Flora! What would your brother say to me, if I permitted it? I would not have my servants know that you meditated such a mad step. Why they are quite low people—artizans and factory hands—who live in that part of Blackford. I have been uneasy ever since you

went there before, lest any of our friends should hear of it!"

But Flora, though she bit her lip, and her eyes flashed angrily, made no response. She had received a few lines in the feeble hand of an old woman, announcing the death of the invalid, Nannie, and asking if Miss Vane would meet Mrs. Winnington at the cemetery, where her faithful friend of so many years was to be buried, and, at the close of the ceremony, go home with her for a day or two.

"Grannie feels desolate, and looks to me for consolation!" thought Flora, gratified that it should be so, yet pained that Hurst's neglect of his aged relative should have left her dependent on others for the affectionate solicitude she ought to have received from him.

She longed to hear his defence, yet dreaded their meeting while unable to feel that he had acted rightly.

It required some courage to persist in going to Mrs. Winnington, in the face of Lettie's opposition, but Flora was firm. She could endure the ridicule of Mrs. Lowndes' gossiping acquaintances, with which she was threatened, and smile at that lady's assurances that she would make herself quite notorious by such eccentric behavior.

Bidding adieu to her host and hostess, and sending her trunks to the cloak-room at Blackford Station, she walked to the cemetery, and lent Grannie the support of her strong, young arm, while she stood, a solitary mourner, beside the grave of Nannie.

"You were a good child to come to me!" said the old woman, gratefully, as they walked away together. "And, now, do you seriously propose leaving your gay friends, to be moped up with me?"

"Am I obliged to mope? I must own that I do not admire Darby's Rents, and hope to move you to pleasanter quarters before long; but while you are, your children must go there too."

"And think you can make yourself happy with a cross-grained old woman?"

"Why should you be cross?" queried Flora. "I shall read to you, sing to you, talk to you, and refuse to listen if you scold me."

"And all for Hurst's sake?"

"And yours, and, in some degree, for my own!" was the smiling reply. "I have so few to love me, that I cannot leave Blackford happily without I can carry with me a little of your goodwill and liking."

Mrs. Winnington said no more, but walked with a brisker step to where a neat carriage was in waiting.

In this she and her young companion were whirled away, but not to smoky Blackford. Taking the opposite direction, they pursued the high road till a gate admitted them to an avenue of lime trees, leading to a substantial and picturesque old gray, stone house, surrounded with velvet lawns and terraced gardens.

"Welcome to the croft, my dear!" said Grannie. "I suppose you'll not object to making acquaintance with Hurst's birthplace, though you did not fancy poor Nanny's little house in the Rents."

"I don't understand," stammered her astonished guest. "Why did not Hurst tell me?"

"Because his Grannie is whimsical and suspicious, and wanted to assure herself that the girl he was so eager to marry loved him for himself, and not the property he will inherit. It was I who bound him to silence, and who, when he told me you were coming to Blackford, insisted on making your acquaintance after my own fashion. Everything favored my scheme. Your friends are new-comers here, who do not move in the same circle as the resident families, and my poor old servant's illness took me to Darby's Rents every days. If you want further details, my grandson is here, and must give them to you."

"Hurst here! And you have sent for him? Then you do love me a little?"

Grannie's answer was a kiss and a blessing.

HOW GEMS ARE CUT.

WITHIN the past year or so the diamond cutting industry has grown to great proportions in New York. A few years ago nineteenths of the diamonds worn in this country were cut by the experts of Amsterdam. Hollanders for centuries controlled the delicate work, but with the growth of the industry here Americans have gone into it, and now American cut diamonds rank supreme.

A century ago there were not a dozen men in the world who were entitled to be called experts at diamond cutting, and these few jealously concealed the secrets of the art.

Mechanics were in a crude state then, and work which required months to accomplish is done now in hours. The conditions which surrounded the work in olden times were such that it was comparatively easy to conceal the knowledge, and the art was handed down from father to son as a rich heritage.

Some years ago one of the largest diamond concerns in Maiden Lane conceived the idea of doing its own cutting. Emissaries were sent to Amsterdam and arrangements were made by which a number of the most expert cutters were to come here and do the work. But the agents here of the Contract Labor law got wind of the scheme and took steps to prevent the importation of the Hollanders.

The Maiden Lane people got up the novel plea that the coming of the Amsterdam cutters would not interfere with the rights of the American workmen in any way, for the reason that diamond cutting was not an established industry here. But the Treasury Department agents made a thorough research of the whole matter and discovered that Americans did know something of the art.

It seems that back in 1861 a diamond expert named Morse, living in Boston, made several experiments in the cutting of rough stones. He failed signally to obtain fine results, but he gained knowledge which was of use to him later on.

He became associated with a diamond dealer named Pray and they decided to bring over some Amsterdam cutters. Mr. Morse, however, kept his eyes open, and presently learned the secrets of the trade. He then established in secret an auxiliary shop in the suburbs of Boston, where he taught some young men how to cut diamonds.

Presently the Dutch workmen, believing that their work was indispensable to their employers, made exorbitant demands on them. Mr. Morse thereupon turned them off and put his young Americans to work. From that time diamond cutting became subject to competition, with the best possible results to the trade.

The scheme of the Maiden Lane people was blasted, but for all that the Amsterdam cutters have been coming here in a steady stream, and to-day there are probably more diamonds cut in New York than any other large city in the world over.

Some of the great Amsterdam firms have been forced to follow the trend of the trade, and several of them within the last year have moved their entire establishments. They could not bring their old employes under contract, but they were nominally discharged, and later on drifted into this country and were re-engaged.

Compared with the work of a generation ago, the cutting of diamonds is now quite simple. Workmen of extraordinary skill, of course, earn good pay, but the average wages are not more than those paid to the skilled mechanic in general.

Machinery does most of the work. From the rough to the finish the diamond passes through four stages. The rough diamond is fastened in cement at the end of a tool. Another rough diamond is fastened in the same way to a similar tool, and the two are rubbed together until the very sharp points have been removed. This is literally diamond cutting diamond.

The rubbing process is performed over a small box, into which falls the diamond dust. Later on this dust is used on the steel wheel in grinding.

After the sharp points have been removed the diamond is sunk in metal, which is heated to a sufficient degree to hold the gem. The metal is in the form of a sphere, and is held in a cup-shaped tool. This is held in a vise over the swiftly revolving steel wheel, and the diamond dust does the cutting.

The old-fashioned way was to use a peculiar kind of sand, but the labor was enormous, and the result was comparatively poor.

It is a peculiar fact that some diamonds are harder than others. Hence it is impossible to grind some diamonds with the dust of others. Only their own dust can be used on these tough gems. The black diamonds of Borneo, for instance, cannot be ground except when their own dust is used on the grinding stone.

Apropos of this, the safest way to determine the genuineness of a diamond is to test its hardness. The simplest test is to hold the stone firmly against a wet, rapidly revolving grindstone for from five to ten minutes.

If the least mark appears upon the face it is not a diamond, for if it were a diamond, so far from any mark being produced on it, it would be likely, on the other hand, to make a deep impression in the grindstone. The same test may be made with the emery paper, or an emery wheel, neither of which, although harder than a grindstone, will make any impression upon a diamond.

This is a good thing for prospective buyers to remember in these days of manufactured diamonds. The paste article is made with such care that it sometimes tests the skill of an expert to distinguish the genuine from the bogus, but if the grindstone is brought into play there can be no room for doubt. Some people think that if they rub a stone against glass and it makes a deep impression that it is a diamond. Some paste articles will scratch glass, and the imitations of sapphires, rubies and emeralds will do the same.

Regarding the hardness of diamonds, the expert at Tiffany's said: "In 1886 I made an experiment. The stone here was a round piece of Brazilian bort, with a radiated internal structure.

"It was kept on a polishing wheel made of hard iron, with a diameter of one foot, for seven and one half hours a day for nine months, the wheel turning at the rate of 2,500 to 3,000 revolutions per minute, and giving three feet of traveling surface to the stone. The total distance traversed was 170,000 miles, or about seven times the circumference of the globe but the result was the polishing of only about one square centimeter of surface. With an ordinary diamond fully a hundred times as much would have been accomplished."

So if a man wants to sell a real diamond, and he knows that it is genuine, he will not be afraid to test it on a grindstone.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.—The effort to keep up appearances and to maintain a style of living that cannot be rightly afforded is probably the cause of more bankruptcies, more frauds, embezzlements, forgeries, and general financial ruin than anything else.

Many persons who, sooner than forfeit their honesty, would willingly sacrifice their own comfort and endure hardships will yet falter and hesitate when called upon to resign for honor's sake their fancied respectability.

To give up luxury or ease would be a comparatively easy matter; but to give up the good opinion of the world, or rather of that little fragment of it to which they have adhered, is so terrible to their imagination that the meanest subterfuges and even immoralities seem preferable. Truth, virtue, self-respect, and integrity are all outweighed by the fear of not being respectable.

Even life itself is sometimes thrown away from the same terror. The ruined man who could have endured hardship and have toiled unremittingly to amend his fortunes cannot brave the supercilious glances of scorn and contempt from those who once flattered and looked up to him, and he seeks a cowardly refuge in death itself.

PLEASURE.—There are few things which have been more differently estimated than the value of pleasure and the right we have to seek for it. Some have held that it was the only good in life, and that to aim for and obtain it was the one pursuit worth following.

Others have stoutly maintained that it was not merely worthless, but corrupting, and that no folly is so foolish, no sin so sinful, as to seek for it. Of course experience and intelligence have toned down both these extremes; yet even now there are remnants of each left in certain minds.

The avowed pleasure-seeker is not extinct, and, on the other hand, a vague idea yet lingers that in some way pleasure itself, and, still more, the search for it, are inconsistent with a good and noble life.

Still the world is slowly realizing that pleasure in its true sense is an element of life neither to be very greatly cherished nor yet to be ignored. It is a needed stimulus in every life. The pleasureless man is seldom an admirable or a useful one, while it is equally true that he who is given over to pleasure can never be either one or the other.

EQUALITY.—Equality of rank there can never be; equality of wealth there can never be; equality of intellect there can never be; equality of influence there can never be.

Such is the ordinance of God's providence. In the will of a man, as in the world of nature, there must always be the molehills as well as the mountains and the thistles as well as the forest trees. But equality of hopes, equality of aims, equality of essential happiness, equality of pure and true thoughts, there may be; and equality of common destiny there is.

Scientific and Useful.

CELLULOSE.—Cellulose is of great value, it is said, as a material for rendering ships watertight after perforation by a shot. It is light, weighing only one-eighth as much as water, and is not liable to be destroyed by animal or vegetable enemies, no worm or fungus being known to attack it. It is applied by building against the ship's hull a coffer-dam of briquettes made of compressed cellulose placed inside a covering of waterproof material.

VENTILATION.—The ventilation of school-rooms, churches, theatres, public halls, and apartments should be chiefly secured by outlets near the ceiling, for it is there where foul air primarily accumulates. Carbonic acid is much heavier than atmospheric air; but the air expired from the lungs, with eight and a half per cent. of carbonic acid, is so much expanded by the animal heat that it is lighter than the atmosphere, and consequently rises to the ceiling.

TROTTING.—A rather unique trotting vehicle has been introduced. It has a single wheel only, and the rider sits over it as on a bicycle. There are no shafts, the backbone or frame being extended forward and arranged to fasten on the middle of the horse's back with a strap arrangement at the sides, this forming part of the patent, to keep it upright, and yet admit of sufficient play for the swerving of the wheel when turning corners and making curves. The wheel is of the bicycle pattern and pneumatic tired.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.—A windmill which works a little electric lighting station has been erected near Paris, on the heights of Montmartre. The whole wheel turns like a weathercock, so as to face the wind. It is counterpoised, and there is a vane which acts as a brake when the speed tends to become excessive. The arms are constructed so that in a storm each vane yields elastically, thus exposing less surface to the wind, but regains its form when the excessive pressure is over. The work is from two to nine-horse power, and the working is rendered regular by means of accumulators, which are automatically put in and out of circuit with the dynamo, which the windmill drives.

Farm and Garden.

LAMENESS.—It is said that swimming affords cure for lameness in horses. The same muscles are exercised in swimming as in trotting, but with no injury to feet or legs.

BUTTER.—A good plan for keeping butter cool and sweet is to fill a box with sand to within an inch or two of the top; sink the butter-jars in the sand, then thoroughly wet the sand with cold water. Cover the box air-tight. The box may be kept in the kitchen.

PRESERVED EGGS.—A novel invention is that of preserving eggs. The eggs are shelled, the white and yolk mixed together and the whole carefully packed in a hermetically sealed tin. Eggs in this shape will keep for a long time, and are chiefly used by pastry cooks.

SANITATION.—The Lancet points out that when horseless carriages shall have come into general use good sanitation will be a much simpler matter. There will then be an end to the contagion from the stable pit, and diseases derived from horses will disappear.

CORNSTALKS.—A Georgia man has invented a machine for cutting cornstalks into short lengths. The machine is provided with steel blades that turn on a cylinder very rapidly. It cuts two rows of stalks at one time and is drawn by a horse. It leaves a stalk in such a shape as not to be in the way of cultivating crops, and at the same time distributes the litter over the ground.

QUINCES.—There is one kind of fruit that has never yet overstocked the market, and that is the quince. There is always a good demand for quinces and they bring paying prices, as they are not grown in as large amounts as peaches, pears and apples. The best varieties should be used, but before planting largely of them, one should be certain that the variety most suitable to the soil is selected.

CROUP IS QUICKLY RELIEVED, and Whooping Cough greatly helped, and its duration shortened by Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, the old family stand-by for Coughs and Colds, and all Lung and Throat affections. The best family Pill, Dr. Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

ISSUED WEEKLY AT 725 SANSOM ST.

A. E. SMYTHE, Publisher.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 8, 1896

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[IN ADVANCE.]

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Of Appearances.

We are not using the word "appearances" in quite the sense that it carries in the phrase "keeping up appearances," for there it signifies trying to be finer than circumstances warrant. We wish to illustrate the importance of making the best of oneself in little things—such as dress and bearing—of caring for the impression made on others by the many surface indications of character which are read more quickly than the graver essential qualities of nature.

Young men and young women who are described by their acquaintances as "having something in them"—which generally means displaying traces of originality or force of character—are often curiously careless of appearances—nay, they are sometimes contemptuous of the show of things.

What matters it, they think, if the hair is unkempt so long as the brain is active? Why should they trouble about baggy unbrushed clothes so long as the heart is warm? They seek realities, not shows, and they imagine it is rather fine and virtuous to despise conventionalities.

Our task is homely and humdrum; it is an attempt to convince any of our readers who may despise appearances that they are mistaken, and that they are foolishly handicapping themselves by their affectation of carelessness.

Some part of the foolish disregard for appearances shown by certain men and women of more than average strength of character is a revulsion from the ridiculous excess of over-dressed or over-particular men and women.

The vast majority of us look on the "masher," the dapper man and the showy woman, with a secret contempt. We may not like the word "contempt" applied to anybody, and may try to excuse ourselves from the feeling, but candor must admit that traces of it lurk in us when we see a man who has surrendered himself to the thought of how his garments fit, who is content to be a lay figure for the exhibition of the latest style.

The fussy little dapper person, all new, clean, spick-and-span, without a crease or speck, is almost equally irritating and objectionable; and we send him in our mind to bear the woman company who flounces, rustles, and shines obtrusively in a way that insists on the spectator making out the dressmaker's bill. It is not costliness or stylishness or showiness that we are advocating, but an attention to appearances which costs only good taste, is never out of place, becomes rich and poor alike, and mixes men and women of all classes without putting a badge on them.

It is curious to notice how a single blotch of bad taste or negligence spoils the looks of a man or woman when they are out of their workaday garments. Dirt anywhere will do it—as, for instance, soiled frilling round a graceful neck. Buttons off, or bursts of any kind with peeping linings, or blowzy untidiness, or greasiness, limp collars, or frayed cuffs, or boots down at heel, tell an unfavorable story that no showiness of dress will contradict.

But it is not from dress and bearing alone that we judge appearance. You can read the character of a wife though she may never venture out of doors. The windows of the poorest cottager and of the wealthier householder are both eloquent, though in the cottage they speak the more plainly.

The most obvious ready method of judging the character of the people of a village is to look at their window-blinds and flower-pots. The second general test is the appearance of the children. It is one of the highest unconscious compliments that can be paid when one neighbor reports of another that "she is very particular."

The careless and slatternly do not realize the extent to which opinion is formed by a multitude of niceties each in itself of small account. Thus, in many businesses, appearances and the care that lies behind cleanliness, neatness, and order are the chief elements in success; and the principle might be traced through every phase of business life.

When the managers of any firm have to select one of their staff to attend to an important and delicate operation which, if conducted with skill, will have decisive results, they are certain to pass by any member of the staff whose appearance is no recommendation; and promotion follows opportunity for special service.

We are well aware that is a very unheroic view to take of outside show. The young man often starts out with ideas of worldly conquest as vague as his ideas of love. Love is supposed to laugh at difficulties; energy, ability, determination overleap all obstacles. The battle is won by him who is courageous and strong. So thinks the inexperienced adventurer, and not entirely without warrant; but the veteran knows that there is quite as much art in smoothing away difficulties as in clambering over them, and the process is not nearly so exhausting.

Attention to appearances is one means of making rough places plain. It is a public testimonial inscribed on us, and no one can miss reading it with a certain degree of conviction. No doubt in the end every man or woman is rated at his or her proper value; but, if sterling virtues be overlaid by little faults, it often takes a long time to arrive at an unimpeded view of genuine character. There must be many men and women who would benefit by fairly putting to themselves the questions, "Why have I fallen short of my expectations? Has it been through a disregard of seemingly minor considerations?" Perhaps a sufficient answer to these questions can hardly be expected, for those who neglect appearances usually are quite unaware of the poor impression they make.

The odd or slovenly man is abundantly content with himself—indeed we all probably know cases in which men and women ingeniously disparage themselves by deliberately pretending to be what they are not.

This rakish-looking man whose appearance puts the respectable citizen instantly on his guard is as steady and trustworthy as a judge, though it is his whim to damage himself with strangers by adopting the air of a scamp; and that woman who appears to regard work as insufferably boring is one of the quickest and most persistent workers you can find.

An affectation of laziness by specially industrious people is one of the commonest forms of deception; but these self-depreciators are soon found out. Better undue modesty than pert, self-sufficient, completely-equipped smartness. It is the golden mean that is wanted, the unobtrusive good taste by which each of us may make the best of himself.

HAVE you a quick temper? A quick temper and a warm heart often go together. Perhaps, however, you are irritable. Irritability, in many cases, is the result of ill-health, especially of a deranged condition of the nervous system. Improve your health, and you will improve your disposition. Besides this, there are some very simple rules by the adoption of which you may control or prevent the manifestations of your irritability. One of these is, whenever you are greatly disturbed and excited, to speak slowly, and in a low voice. As soon as you shall have controlled yourself, under circumstances of provocation, sufficiently to speak several words without raising your voice above its ordinary pitch, you will find that you have obtained a surprising mastery over you feelings also.

COMPARATIVELY few deliberately choose the wrong and persistently follow it from day to day. Passion and appetite hurry many into evil courses whose better natures in calmer moments do not consent to their misdoing. And poverty on one hand, and wealth and luxury on the other, are alike responsible for sins differing in character and degree. We talk much of the contagion of evil and deplore it; we rarely speak of the diviner contagion of good which is abroad in the world, inspiring reforms, correcting abuses, redressing wrongs, and stimulating an almost omniscient philanthropy.

THE policy of right-doing cannot be doubted. Every intelligent man and woman must see that in nearly every instance it pays richly and fully for whatever labor or self-sacrifice it may involve, and in the few cases where they cannot see this result most of them have sufficient faith in the law to trust it. Yet, if this be the only motive in action, it cannot be called right-doing in the best sense. That which is done solely from the hope of gain or advantage cannot be of the highest type.

SINCERITY and politeness can and ought to go side by side, and they would do so if they were both esteemed and cherished at their real worth. It is not the exaggeration of either that is at fault; no one can be too sincere, no one can be too polite. It is the absence of either that is to be deplored; yet some will even pride themselves upon the lack of one, as if it showed their great loyalty to the other.

HARD and stubborn facts soon convince the most ideal dreamer that we cannot choose our own sphere or control our own circumstances, that our daily wisdom is in making a good use of the opportunities within our grasp, that the strong man governs his own occasions and the weak man is governed by them.

EMERSON says, "A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best." If we need confirmation of this, we have but to look at the dreary and melancholy condition of the man who, on this fair earth and with all its opportunities, finds nothing to do.

THERE are three kinds of praise—that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield praise to the powerful from fear, we lend it to the weak from interest, and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

IN after-life you may have friends—fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows.

THE charm of the household is when good manners are so perfectly natural as to reduce all friction to a minimum and banish rudeness into oblivion.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

E. B. W.—Strengthen your voice by expanding your chest and in taking all the good air you can get, also by reading aloud or reciting in the early morning.

L. V. C.—Vertumnus was an Etruscan or Sabine divinity, worshipped by the ancient Romans as the god who presided over the seasons, and the blossoming and bearing of trees and plants. He could assume any form his fancy suggested. He won Pomona under the guise of a blooming youth. He was represented in works of art with a pruning-knife in his hand and a wreath of ears of corn on his head.

J. Z.—Ants are greatly averse to strong scents; camphor or a sponge saturated with creosote will prevent their infesting a cupboard; or dissolve some camphor in spirits of wine, then mix with water, and pour into their haunt quick-lime dropped on the mouth of their nest and washed in with boiling water is also excellent; to prevent the insects from climbing trees, place a ring of tar about the trunk or one of rag moistened at intervals with creosote.

R. W.—The word conventicle, it is said, originally applied to a cabal among a portion of the monks of a convent, formed in secret to secure the election of an abbot according to their own wishes. It came to be used as a term of reproach, and as such was applied to the assemblies of the followers of Wycliffe in England. It was subsequently applied to the secret meetings of the dissenters from the established churches in England and Scotland. It means literally a little assemblage or gathering.

E. L. H.—By what is known in mechanics as the principle of equal pressures, the pressure upon any portion of a vessel is equal to the weight of a section of the liquid whose base is equal to that portion and whose height is equal to that of the fluid. This holds good whether the vessel is perpendicular or oblique to the horizon. In the case of the flumes therefore the pressure on the three inch nozzle is the same in each case, this representing the same weight of water above it. Consequently the power under the conditions assumed, of tearing will in each case be equal. Peck's Elements of Mechanics or other easily obtainable book will enable you to further investigate the matter for yourselves.

BONNIE.—A fine pomatum for the hair is called "philicome"—"a friend to the hair"—and is made as follows: Almond oil, one pound; white wax, three ounces; otto of bergamot, one ounce; otto of nutmeg and cloves, each two drachms. Put the wax and oil in a jar in boiling water. When the wax is melted, remove the jar from the water and put in a cool place, and occasionally stir in the ingredients. When nearly cold add the perfume. It should be borne in mind that a very small portion of any oleaginous substance is sufficient to impart a glossy appearance to the hair, and this is all that is required. To use oil or pomatum in excess does more injury than good. When an additional stimulus is required, brandy mixed with castor oil will help the hair. The proportions are three ounces of oil and one of brandy.

VALLEY.—This correspondent wants to know the "meaning of a kiss in its different form," e. g., a kiss on the right or left hand, a kiss on the right and left cheek, and a kiss on the lips; and also "when a gentleman asks a lady to take his arm, what should her answer be?" The origin of the kiss has been told very prettily by Secundus, or Nonsenfons; but we do not believe the poets. Venus, finding Adonis sleeping under a rose-bush, and not wanting to wake him, left a thousand kisses on the white rose-buds, and turned them all red, so deeply did they blush. But historians give a different origin to the kiss. A Roman gentleman touched his wife's lips with his to discover whether she had been drinking his wine; for, for that cause, or forging his seal or his keys, he could divorce her. Nowadays a kiss on the forehead is given by the French father, the noble father of the comedy; on the hand by the distant and respectful courtier; on either cheek by the brother or brotherly cousin; on the lips by the accepted lover, and the husband. When Erasmus was in England in the time of Henry VIII., he found it a paradise; for on coming or going, the guests kissed the ladies of the house. Happy and innocent days! If you feel inclined take his arm, if not decline it with thanks.

MOON LIGHT.—Your question, pushed to its furthest extreme, goes to the insoluble mystery (so far as science is concerned) of the commencement of life. But suppose we accept without explanation the presence of the lowest forms of life, as in the protoplasmic cell; your difficulty as to which was first, the parent or offspring, the hen or the egg, does not exist. Growth in the simplest forms of life, from which the evolutionist holds that all life has sprung, cannot be separated into parent and offspring. It comes by division, by segmentation—a cell dividing into two cells, which are constantly re-divided as they grow. The differentiation into parent and child comes at a much later period, when the parent form has become more highly organized. It is very much later still when parental care is developed. Many creatures grow up entirely without parental care. They have to shift for themselves from the first moment of their existence. In some types the offspring is so totally different a being from the parent form that recognition by the parent is impossible. What appears a problem in highly-organized life loses its difficulty when life is traced back to its simple elements. The poser is, "How came the leaven of life to work inert matter?" The latter developments are comparatively plain. Science gives no answer as to the origin of life.

BALMY SLEEP.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

"Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,"
Come thou to me and close my eyes,
Weary with weeping, sad and sair,
Filled with hot tears that fain will rise.

"He giveth his beloved sleep,"
To rest the weary, wayworn frame;
To close the eyes that watch and weep,
Yet trust fore'er, in Jesus name.

Alas! how soon, death's sleep will come,
And seal fore'er, the saddened eyes,
That seek above, a brighter home
In God's celestial Paradise!

Disillusioned.

BY S. T. H.

"HALLO, Hugh, my boy! Didn't know you were in town," said Charlie Browton, shaking hands with the man he thus greeted so cheerily.

"No; I only came up this morning, just for a peep at society." And Hugh Trevor sank lazily into a comfortable chair and proceeded leisurely to roll up a cigarette, for they were in the smoking room of the "Pythian," one of those many new clubs built for the gilded youth, in which luxury and comfort are certainly to be found the one aim of such buildings.

"Going to any theatre this evening?" inquired Charlie. "We should be just in time for the burlesque at the Gaiety."

"No, thanks, old fellow. I am due at Mr. Tryndle's ball this evening, and I feel too decidedly comfortable to turn out before."

"Old Tryndle's hop! Oh, I am going there too, but I shan't look in till nearly one, and then only stay a short time. Hate the fag. You are never going for the whole thing?" said Charlie, looking almost aghast at the appalling notion of having to be at any function for more than a quarter of an hour, unless it were at a burlesque.

"But I forgot: he is the great 'boss' in your parts; you've got to do the civil, I suppose. Well, ta-ta, old chap. See you to-night again; if not, look me up. Ta-ta!" And Charlie Browton went off, gay as usual, his fair, clean-shaven face always the picture of health and happy spirits. He seemed one of those fortunate mortals on whom sad care had laid her hands but gently—perhaps she had never as yet touched him.

Hugh Trevor remained in his seat, apparently leisurely thinking and he watched the light smoke from his cigarette. He was a very different man to the friend who had just left him, even in looks. Almost black hair which waved close to his head, a moustache considerably lighter than his hair, a strongly-marked face with determination predominate in the square-set chin, it would have been a hard face but for the grey eyes which looked out so kindly and honestly on the world.

He gave one the idea of a soldier; but the service did not rank him. He was only a country squire, not overburdened with wealth, but trying to farm his own land, which in these days of agricultural depression is by no means a brilliant success; but he had managed to keep his head up where others had gone under, having a little private money which assisted him considerably.

Hugh could not help thinking of Charlie Browton with his bright, happy-go-lucky ways, and almost wished himself of the same temperament. For with Hugh life was a more serious affair; he had none of that blase cynicism which the young men about town affect in order to show their deep knowledge of human nature, and how much everything in consequence bored them; the old beliefs in simplicity and innocence were still realities to him.

He was by no means of the namby-pamby style, but had a breadth of his own, and though no doubt it was foolish of him, as his companions often evoked laughter, nevertheless those who laughed respected him, though they shook their heads and declared he would one day be well deceived. With this faith in human nature he believed the girl he loved the embodiment of all those beautiful charms which he thought every nice woman must possess.

In his smoke he seemed to see a pretty flower-face, set round with golden hair which curled lightly over her forehead, while the lifting of her long-lashed eyelids revealed a pair of very blue eyes which could look anything the owner wished. It was a fair, child like face, which made one think that the soul which peeped through the eyes must be as yet hardly awakened: in reality she was about twenty-two, but looked seventeen.

Daisy Carryl was only young in years; her youthful face masked a young woman who very well knew the worth of most things, and of herself in particular—thanks to the teaching of her sister, Mrs. Vincent, who, having married for money and what it brought, had installed the same high principles into her younger sister's mind, who proved a very apt pupil, being the possessor of a heart which would never be the cause of any anxiety, so thoroughly and regularly did it seem to beat to the dictates of her mind.

This was Daisy Carryl, whom Hugh Trevor seemed to see in the midst of smoke from his cigarette. Like the honest fellow he was, he could believe no wrong of his love. He had often heard her discussed by his men friends, many of whom had suggested she was an arrant flirt, but that what little heart she had would be given to the highest bidder, though till that one appeared she was ready to draw any small fly into her net for her own amusement.

Such a speech Hugh repudiated as utterly unworthy; her pretty little ways were only the outcome of a simple, child like nature—such a contrast to the artificiality of the women of the world; and in his rough honesty Hugh said as much to those who had made such disparaging remarks on his divinity, but it only made them shrug their shoulders.

"Poor chap! He is evidently very smitten; he is much too good for her to play with. He is actually simple enough to believe in her."

All this had happened in the previous autumn, when Daisy had gone to make a long visit to a married cousin living in the same part of Hampshire as Hugh Trevor, and as he was a frequent visitor at the house he had many opportunities of seeing the bewitching Miss Carryl, who soon had him fast in the toils of her fascinations.

Poor Hugh, knowing very little of women and their ways, believed her face, and credited her with all the charms his fancy could devise. Daisy was immensely pleased at having this good-looking man so very much in love; it was so amusing to draw him out.

When her best moods were on her she could not help wishing that he were the rich man, he was so decidedly good to look at; but love in a cottage, or rather in a dull manor house, was surely not in her line; in the meantime a little harmless amusement would help to pass the otherwise rather monotonous days.

Sometimes his honest eyes made her feel uncomfortable, especially when he spoke of those women who would barter their very souls for wealth; but she would shake off any momentary uncomfortableness by thinking that she was not as bad as that, and really, the man must have lived in Arcadia to have such ideas as to imagine that a woman should marry for love only.

Some fools did, but she was wiser. Daisy Carryl was an orphan, sufficiently well off to be comfortable, but she longed for the luxuries of a good establishment, and such was her aim, assisted by her sister.

Before leaving Hampshire she had drifted into a kind of engagement to Hugh Trevor; the fact was, she found it difficult to do otherwise, but she insisted on its being kept to themselves, as her sister would never hear of such a match. Hugh submitted with a very bad grace.

"I am not rich, Daisy, dear," he said, surveying her daintily-clad figure, "but I have enough for us to be happy upon."

"As if I care whether you are rich or not," said Daisy, looking up at him with her blue eyes, in which he seemed to see only truth shining, but she thought, with an inward shrug, of his old manor house and of the monotony of a country life.

"Daisy, darling, what shall I do without you? and you say it would be useless to speak to your sister?" said Hugh the evening before she left.

"Quite useless, dear, especially as she has written to say we are off south for the winter."

"Off south for the winter!" repeated Hugh in a dreary voice, as the outlook of coming desolate months was anything but cheering. "You did not tell me that before, Daisy."

"No, dear, it was not quite settled; but don't look so dull—I am not going to the other side of the world. The spring will soon be here again; besides, you will have the hunting soon. You won't miss me much then!" and Daisy emphasized her teasing words with a coquettish look from out of her long-fringed eyes.

"You don't know how I care for you or you would not talk like that," said Hugh almost roughly. "Daisy, don't play with me; I know I am only a heavy fellow beside you, my darling, and feel I am almost daring too much in asking you to give yourself to me; but, if a man truly loves, he has a right to try and gain the love he craves. Daisy, be true to me, for I have given you my heart most wholly—my life is worthless without you," and Hugh, taking her face between her hands, gazed into it, as if loath to lose one feature, then kissed her tenderly, almost reverently, on her lips and left her.

Daisy felt subdued after his farewell. All the better part of her nature had been stirred by his simple expression of love, and she almost tried to imagine at the moment that his honest love would be sufficient for her.

She wondered what there was in her to draw forth such devotion; what she had only meant for flirtation he had taken for the real thing, and here she had drifted into an engagement the end of which she did not quite foresee. Why did she not let him go? What object was there in keeping him?

Perhaps the truth was that what little heart she had had been touched by him, and she cared more for his good opinion than she would liked to have owned.

Anyhow, there was no harm done, she thought; he would not speak till he had her permission; they were going away for the winter, so she would not be bothered with his constantly coming up to town.

She would write him chatty letters, yes, only chatty ones, be a little reserved in affectionate expressions; then, perhaps, he would get tired of the long waiting. So, satisfying herself with these thoughts, she dismissed uncomfortable reflections, while chiffons soon occupied their place.

In this spirit she went to Nice, where she thoroughly enjoyed herself in several new flirtations; the men and women there knew that art well and were not so simple as Hugh, to whom the intricacies of flirtation were as a sealed book.

Daisy returned with her sister for the London season, and of course Hugh Trevor very promptly came up to see her, but she gave him no chance of a tete-a-tete, as she particularly did not want to be troubled by having to make any promises, for at last there had appeared no less a person than Mr. Tryndle, a reputed millionaire, who seemed to bid fair to become a constant visitor at their house.

Her sister, Mrs. Vincent, was a clever hand in enticing people to come and see her in a quiet way, for she knew well that more is done in a quiet way than with all the most lavish entertainments. Therefore Hugh called and was more than disappointed at not finding Daisy alone; he tried staying on, but Mrs. Vincent had heard a little about the farmer, as she called him, and she did not desire he should have any advantages just then, as his good looks labelled him dangerous.

Poor Hugh thought it a bit hard that Daisy had not managed to give him a few moments, and the only happy remembrance he had to take back was a pretty little deprecating look she gave him when he held her hand a minute longer than is strictly necessary. He thought she could not guess the longing that possessed him to take her in his arms after such a long absence—and to get only a cold little shake of the hand! Truly Hugh did not understand women.

"Mr. Trevor is a great friend of yours, Daisy, isn't he?" said Mrs. Vincent casually, after he had left.

"I don't know about great friends. I saw a good deal of him in the autumn; he is rather amusing," answered Daisy, lazily reclining in a chair, as she fanned herself quietly.

"Amusing!" returned Mrs. Vincent, lifting her eyebrows, "he struck me as being anything but that. But then a country fellow has only two subjects: the weather and the crops. Perhaps you mean he helped you to amuse yourself; he is decidedly good-looking, with nothing beyond, I expect."

"Well, he did enliven the time a bit, as he has not the ghost of an idea of how to flirt; I was trying to teach him," laughed Daisy.

"A rather dangerous amusement, especially with a man like that; he would not understand the game. I hope he is not coming for any lessons in town. A poor manor house in Hampshire is not quite what you intend, I suppose?"

"Hardly!" answered Daisy, with a slightly amused smile. "I don't think I am quite cut out for the role of making both ends meet; that is not exactly my idea of bliss. Still, it's a pity he has nothing beyond his looks."

"My dear Daisy, if you begin to waste your sympathy on him I shall imagine that your amusement was a little more than a game," for Mrs. Vincent fancied she heard a slight sigh.

"You need not disturb your mind; no damage was done."

So said Daisy, though in her own mind she was beginning to dread when she must tell this countryman that she could not be happy in a life such as he could offer, and yet with the variability of her nature she kept putting off the time; the moral courage necessary for making the confession was wanting, as her pride would suffer in being compelled to lower herself in the eyes of one who held her in such high esteem.

It positively annoyed her to think he should have such old-fashioned notions; ideas such as his were all exploded. He ought to know that it is the essential duty of a girl to make a good match, and he decidedly was anything but a good chance. Ah! how she regretted those dull days at her cousin's; they had to answer for her drifting into this uncomfortable position.

"Why can't I be good, like those slow colorless girls one knows? To have to live up to Hugh's exalted idea of a woman would simply irritate me; I should be bored and he would be quickly disillusioned. How could I go and hide myself in the country? I can't exist without excitement. I should simply stagnate!" and she looked at herself in the long cheval glass, which reflected back a charming little figure clad in some soft material of palest sea-green, in which curiously shaded orchids were laid in a careless artistic fashion, proclaiming at once the work of the very best order.

She gazed at herself with pleasure, for she knew her gown would create envy among many of her friends. To be the best dressed woman in a room is positive happiness to most women; to achieve which distinction requires both taste and money. Daisy had scarcely finished her satisfactory review of herself when her maid re-entered with an exquisite posy composed entirely of orchids matching those on her gown.

"Mr. Tryndle's man brought these, miss, with a note."

Daisy took the flowers with a careless air, though their very beauty made her give a sigh of pleasure. After reading the note a curious expression came into her face, and she stood and looked at the flowers which were already one of the links in the chain that fate was binding round her.

"Daisy! what exquisite flowers! my dear, who sent them?" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, coming into the room.

"Oh, Mr. Tryndle," answered Daisy in a would-be careless manner, though a slight accent of exultation was discernible.

"Daisy, don't pretend such nonchalance. Here is Mr. Tryndle, the most desirable match of the season, thinking seriously of you. I am sure you have only to be careful how you play your cards, for he knows perfectly well he has but to throw the handkerchief and there are many to pick it up, and only too glad to do so."

"It is such a pity he is so—florid, so much of an upstart!" said Daisy, as for a moment she seemed to see Hugh's grey eyes pleading, but she quickly shook off that remembrance; sentiment had no place in Daisy's composition, or rather she had never cultivated any such unfortunate feeling. Love to her was only a sentiment, not a reality. She had not learned the desolation of a loveless life, and she perhaps would never understand it completely.

"A man with $150,000 a year can afford to be florid," answered Mrs. Vincent, who certainly had no sympathy with such very girlish notions. She was anxious this affair should be soon settled, and she was hoping much from the ball to-night given by Mr. Tryndle, and to which they were invited.

Seldom had Daisy looked so well as she did this evening; she was quite the centre of a bevy of young men soliciting for dances, which she gave with equal discrimination.

Somehow a whisper had got afloat that Mr. Tryndle more than admired the pretty Miss Carryl, and this fact heightened the usual admiration which was always her share. If a rich man considered her more than attractive the seal of his opinions had risen her in the estimation of others, and Daisy Carryl found herself quite the rage that evening.

In a turn of the dance Daisy thought she recognized a well known soldierly-

looking figure leaning against the door; at first she imagined it was fancy, but looking again she saw it was Hugh. No happiness came into her heart at the sight; she had not expected to see him.

"How annoying!" she thought. "Why didn't he let me know he was coming? I suppose he intended a pleasant surprise, but like many surprises it is rather the reverse."

But no trace of annoyance was visible on her face; she chatted and laughed with her partner, and appeared utterably unconscious of the presence of the figures in the doorway, though she could almost feel he had left his post and was wending his way towards her.

"How do you do, Miss Carryl? Am I too late for a dance?" said Hugh as he stood before her.

"Oh! how do you do, Mr. Trevor? I am surprised to see you here. You are only just in time. I can give you No. 13—it is a waltz," she answered, carefully keeping her card to herself, hoping he would be content with the one.

"Thank you, but haven't you another, Daisy? I can't be satisfied with only one," he added in a low tone, as he noticed her partner was not listening. "I have so much to tell you, dear."

"Let me see—then No. 17; and these are the only two," she said with a little upward look, as if to say she would have given more were it possible.

"Well, I suppose I must be content, but it's a very grudging content, Daisy, be—"

Here Daisy's partner turned and claimed her attention, so Hugh perforce had to bow himself away and return to his lounging position, from whence he could gaze on that dear little figure dancing in and out among the crowd. Seeing the dance finished he wandered off in search of a quiet corner, as there was yet another dance before his with Daisy, and somehow he did not care to dance with any other girl before.

He found a fairy like nook made for either tete-a-tete or solitary meditation, a luxuriously comfortable seat into which he threw himself and soon wandered off into dreamland, in which Daisy played a very prominent part. He was brought back to everyday life by hearing her name spoken by two men on the other side of the palms, which, though thick and sheltering, hid the speakers, but they spoke sufficiently loud that Trevor could not help overhearing.

"Do you know, old chap, they say the betting is on old Tryndle offering his heart and moneys to the pretty Miss Carryl?"

"No, really, by Jove! but I heard she was engaged to a chap in the country," drawled the second speaker.

"Well, you don't suppose she will give up old Tryndle for a chap in the country? Not she! unless she is an exception to most young women. The man in the country will have to go to the wall as usual. Tryndle isn't much to look at—they only give a glance at the man while their eye rests on the money, and that gilds anything, you know."

"Ya-as, I suppose it does. Lucky chap to have the gilding; I wish I had a little of it. Had a fearful week at Ascot—stone broke," and the speaker wandered off into conversation about certain sporting matters, whilst Hugh sat as if stupefied at what he had heard.

Distinct thought could not be evolved from the conflicting emotions he was feeling; the one thought, "Daisy is false—my Daisy!" seemed to ring with a perpetual ding-dong in his ear. He put up his hand to his head as if to chase away the ugly idea that would present itself. It must have been a dream; his Daisy false for one moment, oh! impossible.

Young men are always ready to gossip about pretty girls and impute low motives to their love of admiration. She was certainly bright and fascinating, for had she not enthralled him completely. Why should not Mr. Tryndle be captivated also and wish to pay her greater attentions than to other young women less favored than she?

But that Daisy would be false to her engagement, he would not think it. With all his brave faith gallantly struggling to the front, hideous doubt would come with its mocking suggestion that old Tryndle was a match that any woman who loved the good things of the earth might be tempted to make. Did he not know that there are women who would sell their very souls for such things—why should she resist more than another?

"Pah! away with such thinking; she said she would be true, and I will believe her true till she tells me she is false, and then——" The sweet strains of a waltz came softly stealing to him, and remembering that this was his dance with Daisy he quickly made his way to the ball-room, where he found her talking brightly with Mr. Tryndle.

"Miss Carryl, our dance."

With a laughing adieu to her former partner, Daisy laid her hand on Hugh's arm. Looking up, she noticed that his face looked pale in spite of the tan, and that the happy look had somehow gone out of his eyes. It forboded no good, and she feared that the dreaded explanation would have to be given. If she could only ward it off she would certainly write next day.

"Daisy, sit this out, will you? I have something I want to say to you," and before she could give an answer one way or another Hugh had taken her determinedly, as it were, to a quiet room, where they could talk undisturbed.

"You don't look as if you were enjoying yourself, Hugh," said Daisy, laughing at him, and bent upon breaking a curious silence which seemed to have fallen on them.

"I was at first. The mere pleasure of seeing you again, darling, was enough, but—something happened which has made me feel wretched. Daisy, do you really love?" He came nearer, and would have taken her in his arms, but she quietly manœuvered to prevent it, without exactly appearing to do so.

"What a serious old Hugh! Of course I like you," said Daisy, tapping her hand with her fan. What could she do to get rid of him? If Mr. Tryndle came in at some critical moment it might prove an awkward scene.

"Like!" echoed Hugh in a quick tone. "I don't want your liking. You can like a dog, but I want your love, your real, honest love. Daisy, what is it that seems to be coming like a shadow between us? Just now you evaded me. Such would not have happened before."

"No, really! but I couldn't have my gown crumpled," said Daisy in an exasperating way, her temper rising slightly.

"You can't care much for me if your gown is of so much more importance than my feelings," answered Hugh quickly, though in a dull tone, as of passion kept under by pure force of will, while his face had grown white.

Then with a change of tone he said, "Daisy, don't let us quarrel. I am wretched enough; for one moment I doubted you. They say that you will marry Mr. Tryndle, and that for his money. Daisy, it's not true; say it's not true!" And his breath came quickly as he leant forward in his eagerness to hear her denial. But none came.

"It is true," said Daisy in a slow, hard voice, not daring to look at the man she had wronged, and whose white face must ever be a bitter memory to her.

Hugh drew himself up, clenched his hands tight to prevent himself from giving way to laughter, to which he felt he must on account of the devil's passion rising in him at the sight of this fair face which had proved so false.

"I ought to have known it—wealth versus a poor country squire. You are only doing what most women do. I suppose I must offer you my congratulations on the excellent match you are making."

The cold sneering tones hurt Daisy's shallow soul more than the most severe words could have done. For the moment she hated herself for the part she had played; her newly-acquired position was not to be bought without some shame.

"I can't ask you to forgive me, Hugh. I should never have married you; I could not have stood the stagnation of your dull life. I have wronged you by not telling you sooner," said Daisy, not really knowing what to say in her endeavors to put an end to the scene.

"Country life is stagnation for a woman who has no soul beyond gowns and diamonds. I don't blame you; I ought to thank you for saving me a life of misery, but at present I can't quite, though the Daisy I loved was a different woman to the one who bears that name. I only trust your bargain will not be disappointing. Let me take you back. My God! Daisy, how can women have such hearts to sell themselves for merely the goods of the earth? What are you made of?"

His bitter low tone thrilled her to the heart, though she affected no movement, and slowly together they entered the ball-room. None seeing them enter could guess the drama that had been enacted between them.

"Good-bye," said Hugh without looking at her. Then in a lower tone, "God forgive your treachery; I can't."

With a bow he left the room and soon the house, his mind in such a tumult that he walked on without quite knowing where he was going, till suddenly he found he had wandered far from his rooms. He wended his way back.

All his dreams were shattered, his faith in women utterably destroyed in one blow, and he felt out of heart with the world. This girl, in whose truth he so thoroughly believed, had ruthlessly spoilt his life and ruined his happiness, for he knew that the wound would heal in time, yet none other would gain the love he had so recklessly squandered.

The Daisy to whom he had given his heart had been enshrined and looked upon with reverent eyes. Now the veil was torn away, and he saw a soulless being who could barter herself as they bartered slaves in the market; the world would certainly approve and say she had done a wise thing, for the worship of mammon is its highest creed. But Hugh—well, like many another he had only been awakened from a sweet dream to face reality and disillusion.

Tom's Ruse.

BY E. O.

IT HAD rained almost incessantly for a week—"Forty days and forty nights without stopping once," Lily Benson said; and if ever a girl was spoiling to get into mischief, it was she.

Miss Lily was exactly seventeen; pretty, sweet, roguish, wilful; her name suited her.

"Oh, dear me!" she yawned, for the twentieth time, "I wish something would happen."

She was on her way to lunch, and as a sort of appetizer, perhaps, took the banister in her road, making the trip in exactly half the time it would have taken her small brother, Dick.

As she bounced into the dining-room, her mother looked up from her tea and an open letter.

"What do you think, Lil, Matty Westwood has written to me for another girl."

"Oh, indeed! she must take you for an intelligence office. What is the matter now?"

"Annie Beard was too pretty. I was afraid of that. 'Too many followers,' Matty says."

"I suppose she thinks because she's an old maid everybody else ought to be," said Lil; "or perhaps she is afraid her brother Tom may fall in love with the hired girl as a last chance."

"Poor Tom! It is too bad, I declare!" said Mrs. Benson. "He would have married long ago if it had not been for his sister. He never could look at a girl twice but that Matty took occasion to let her know distinctly that Westwood House was as much hers as Tom's, and that whoever married him would have to take her, too; and no girl could stand that."

"I just wish I had been there," said Miss Lily, doughtily. "Maybe it's not too late yet. How old is he, mamma?"

"I don't think he can be over thirty. But he looks twice that—poor fellow!—and scarcely stirs from his study now. A terrible book-worm."

"I don't pity him one bit!" said Lily. "He must be a regular Miss Nancy, to let his sister keep him under her thumb that way. You ought to send them Betsy Brown, mamma."

"To be sure. She'd be just the one, only she's deaf and dumb. But I'll see what Tom says about it. Matty said he would call; and here he is now," as the door-bell rang.

Lily slipped into the next room and peeped through the glass door at the visitor.

She saw a tall, slim gentleman, with the slightly stooping shoulders of a student, and a delicate, handsome, refined face. She noticed that his clothes looked rather seedy and carelessly put on—that he said little and smiled less.

He seemed to think that Betsy Brown would do—he must have some one, as his sister was sick in bed with neuralgia—and Mrs. Benson promised that she should meet him at the station that evening if she could go.

Soon after he left, Lily made her appearance attired for a walk, her roguish eyes rather brighter than usual, and the dimples dancing in her pretty red cheeks.

"Mamma, I can't stand this any longer! May I go and stay a few days with Ethel Rookwood?"

Mrs. Benson looked surprised, and made some objections, but in the end consented.

Lily and Ethel were very intimate, and usually contrived to be together at one house or the other most of the time. They were both fond of fun, and whatever mischief one could not think of, the other generally did.

"I can stop and see Betsy on my way," volunteered Lily, "and then you won't have to go out in all this rain, mamma."

So it was arranged.

As Tom Westwood stood on the railway platform, just before going into the train, a woman approached him, and gave him a note.

It was from Mrs. Benson, and informed him that the bearer was the Betsy Brown of whom she had told him.

Tom glanced at the woman.

She was rather small, and besides having on a large water-proof cloak with the hood well drawn up, her head was muffled in a veil.

"I wonder how she knew me?" said Mr. Westwood to himself, and was going to ask her, when he remembered in time that she was deaf and dumb.

How, then, was he to communicate with her?

As if she had divined his thoughts, the woman produced a slate and pencil, and showed him her railway ticket which she had already purchased.

Tom glanced at the slate, but did not offer to use it.

"I hope Mattie will be satisfied this time," he muttered, audibly, as he motioned towards the carriage, and led the way.

Betsy followed, and took a seat beside him, ostentatiously displaying her slate and pencil.

As she did so, she dropped a bunch of freshly-plucked violets, which Westwood picked up and restored to her, wondering.

He was fond of violets himself, and he kept glancing at these as their faint, sweet, springy scent came to him.

Betsy, too, seemed fond of them, as she kept lifting them to her face, displaying at the same time a hand encased in marvellously ill-fitting, dingy, cotton gloves.

Tom Westwood could but notice the unpoetical conjunction.

Presently the train began to slow up, and reaching for Betsy's slate, he wrote on it—

"We stop here."

As they rose to leave the train, Betsy, between her large traveling-bag and her slate, dropped her violets again, without knowing it, and as Westwood was picking them up, she stepped on his hand.

A low cry escaped her, Tom was sure, and he almost fancied some half-uttered words of apology. But in the noise and confusion about him, it was easy to be mistaken.

He put the violets into his overcoat pocket this time, and as they went out, took Betsy's bag from her and carried it himself.

A carriage was waiting for them. Westwood House being about two miles from the station; and as Tom assisted the new girl to it, he was struck by two things—one, the light, elastic movement, so unlike the old woman he had been told she was, and the other, the touch of her hand, which left a soft, warm, electric thrill in his, even through the coarse, cotton glove.

It was very dark, and raining hard, at seven o'clock, when they reached the Westwood's house, and there was only a light in the hall, and an upper and lower room.

The Westwoods, brother and sister used only a few rooms of the great, grand house, and kept no servants except a coachman, who was "man-of-all-work" out-of-doors, and one girl for the house. Betsy was a sharp economist.

As the coachman was leaving them at the foot of the doorsteps, he said to Tom,—

"Miss Westwood said if you brought a girl with you she was to come up to her, to get her orders about supper."

Tom stood so near Betsy as the man said this, that he felt her start, and looked at her curiously.

He led the way into the house, and to a room with a fire, and left her there while he went to report to his sister.

The instant she was alone, Betsy began hurriedly to remove her cloak and unmuffle her face, thus disclosing a very prim-looking little person, in a dark-blue calico dress and long, check apron.

On her head was a curious kind of cap, made of black silk and lace, and large enough to completely cover her hair and tie under her chin.

The face thus enclosed was as fair and soft as a child's, with lips of cherry bloom, and dark, roguish eyes, that seemed to laugh in spite of themselves.

She looked at herself in a hand-glass she had with her, and gave her cap an angry extra pull over the little face, that would look so rosy and pretty.

Then producing a pair of glasses, she managed with some ado to put them on, and stood biting her lips and trying to keep the dimples down, when Tom Westwood returned from his interview with his sister.

Tom came to a full stop in the doorway staring like a man bewitched at the odd little figure by the fire.

Recovering himself, he took her slate and wrote on it that she was to go upstairs, and he led the way.

Miss Westwood was in bed, buried in blankets to her eyes, and suffering dreadfully. She had obstinately insisted upon seeing the new arrival; but now when she had got her before her, and took the slate to write upon it, such a spasm of pain seized her that she almost threw it, pencil and all, at her brother, and hid shrieking under the blankets again.

"Take her away, and get your supper the best way you can!" she screamed to him. "I don't care whether you have any or not."

Silently, but unable to repress a smile, Tom motioned to Betsy, and they went downstairs again.

He took her now to the kitchen, which was cold, and showed her where were materials to build a fire. He opened the store-room and pantry doors, and conveyed to her, by means of signs and the slate, the information that she was to manufacture a supper for all of them out of what was there.

Then he went back to the sitting-room himself, and sat down thoughtfully before the fire.

He had not yet removed his overcoat, and as he sat there, he put his hand in his pocket, and absently pulled out the bunch of violets he had dropped there some time before.

As he did so, a paper which had been wrapped about the stems fell off, and smoothing it out, he saw that it was part of a torn envelope, addressed "Miss Lily Benson."

Meanwhile, Miss Lily—for she it was—reigned supreme in the kitchen, and wished she had never been born, or that several other people had not; deaf and dumb Betsy and the Westwoods among the number.

This, which the madcap had undertaken as a very good joke, was taking a practical turn, not at all in accordance with her fancied ideal.

"If it had not been for Ethel," she began, savagely, and took it back. "No, I won't say that. It was I, myself, addle head that I was! But Ethel thought it would be such fun. Fun!" she repeated, contemptuously. "I wish she could have some of it. I am as cold as Greenland, and as hungry as a bear, and I never made a fire in my life. I think I could fry some of that ham if it was cut, but it is not. Oh, how Ethel would laugh if she could see me! Hang these glasses!" as those unaccustomed appendages would wriggle down upon her nose. "I can't see anything through them, anyway. I'd take them off if I dared!"

She finally compromised matters by shoving them up on her forehead, ready for an emergency.

"Anybody can make a fire," she added to herself, reassuringly. "You've only to put in the paper and the wood and light it with a match"—which she proceeded to do, loading the huge, old-fashioned stove to the brim, with the nicest and largest sticks and great lumps of coal.

Then she found some matches, and as the first, second, and third deliberately went out as soon as applied to the wood, she put in a whole box and set it off.

"Better be on the safe side," she said, as she shut the door. "It's sure to go now, and the next thing I'll attack the ham."

"I wonder," she said, after a prolonged tussle with the carving-knife, "how they ever get through this horrid black rind."

She pondered a moment.

"I have it," she cried, dramatically. "I've seen our butcher. He uses a saw. Now where's the saw? I shall have to ask Mr. Westwood."

So she wrote on the slate, not without a thrill of pride.

"I have made the fire (?), and now I want the saw to cut the ham. Where is it?"

And setting the glasses to their place once more, she proceeded to the sitting-room.

Tom Westwood had just time to escape from the hall, where he had been watching her, and listening to her, in a state of mind no words could do justice to.

He took the slate, and read what was on it with a countenance of supernatural sobriety, then gravely wrote beneath—

"We always fry the ham first, and cut it afterwards, so as not to injure the temper of the saw."

As Lily perused this astonishing statement, and thought of the big ham in the store room, her amusement was so excessive that, before she knew it, she exclaimed: "Oh!"

Then, in her fright, she dropped her slate. Stooping for that, off went her glasses, and Mr. Westwood reaching for the slate at the same time the two heads came in violent collision, and—as Lily herself eloquently expressed it afterwards.

"The first we knew we didn't know anything. He stood up and glared at me, and trod on my glasses; and I stood up and glared at him, and tried to put my cap straight. Then he picked up my glasses—nothing but the frames left—and calling me Miss Benson, solemnly presented them to me. Then—well, then we both burst out laughing, and laughed till we were sick. In the midst, his sister screamed down to know what was the matter. 'Tell her it's a crazy woman!' begged I, scared out of my senses indeed. 'Promise you'll be my wife, Lily, and I'll settle her,' said Tom. Of course I promised. Who wouldn't, under such circumstances? Besides, I was delighted to have outwitted Matty Westwood, though rather ashamed of the way I had done it. Tom settled it with his sister, I don't know how; but he did it, and I couldn't tell you to this day whether anybody had any supper that night or not. Marry him? Of course, I had to. Besides, I liked him; and Matty and I are very good friends. But she lives at Westwood, and we in the city."

WHERE DO THE BIRDS SLEEP?

I DO not think there is a question in the whole field of natural history so often asked by young people, or so unsatisfactorily answered, as the above.

It was a mystery to me for years; and, so far as I can find out, this is the first article on the subject which has ever appeared in any popular magazine or periodical. Some of the information I am about to impart has been gleaned during long nights spent on desolate moors, and in open boats far out of sight of land on the rolling deep.

I should say, from experience, that nearly all our feathered friends sleep very lightly indeed, for if you touch the leaves of a shrub in which a bird is sleeping you will immediately hear a great fluttering of wings. I have some intimate friends who live on a farm, and I visit their house pretty frequently at all seasons of the year. By the kitchen door is a large evergreen, which is the favorite haunt of innumerable sparrows.

They roost in this particular shrub spring, summer, autumn and winter alike, wet or fine, warm or cold, calm or windy, the males occupying it alone during the time the females are engaged hatching their freckled eggs and keeping warm the downy little baby sparrows.

If anyone in entering the house happens accidentally to brush against the evergreen there is great commotion amongst the sleepers, who, in their fright, rush off in all directions. Nor did these hardy little birds, as I had ample means of proving, forsake their cold quarters even during the exceptionally severe frosts we had last winter.

And this fact to some extent proves the assertion made not long ago by a naturalist: that birds do not die from cold, but from hunger.

A number of barndoor fowls belonging to a friend of mine habitually sleep in the old apple trees growing around his house, and not one of them ever took any harm even during the terribly severe frosts of last winter, except a rooster whose comb and wattles suffered from frost-bite.

The facts I have already mentioned will have suggested two very interesting and important questions in the minds of my readers. The fact—"How does a sleeping bird retain its balance on a slender twig or branch that is roughly swayed to and fro by a strong wind?"

The answer is, that the bending of the joints of the leg in sitting down clenches the toes and claws, and thus practically locks the bird to the branch upon which it is sitting; in fact, it could not leave its perch without first getting up and straightening its legs.

The second question will be—"How does a frail little bird keep itself warm during a long, cold winter's night in a wind-swept shrub?" Well, in the first place, when a bird "tucks its head under its wing" and goes to sleep, it puffs all its feathers out until they almost stand at right angles to its body.

This ingenious method entangles the air amongst the down growing round the base of the feather-shafts; and as air is a bad communicator of heat, this helps to prevent an undue escape of warmth from the little creature's body.

Birds dislike to fly or sit with their tails to the wind, as it disarranges their feathers; and on windy nights they turn their heads in the direction from which a breeze is blowing.

Sparrows love thick, clustering ivy to sleep in; and I have met with them in company with starlings, hedge sparrows, blue tits, and wrens, under the thatch of corn and hay stacks.

As a rule, birds that habitually perch in trees roost there also; but to this there is at least one remarkable exception, which I have had the pleasure of proving over and over again.

It is the case of the fieldfare, which sleeps upon the bare ground; and this I have discovered to be the fact by walking over fields and pastures on dark winter nights, when the bird is easily identified by its familiar and unmistakable alarm note.

Grouse, partridges, snipe, curlews, sandpipers, plovers, larks, pipits, and corncrakes sleep upon the ground. Golden and green plovers are both particularly restless and wakeful birds. It does not matter at what hour of the night, or however dark it is, when you walk across their haunts you will always hear the peewit of the one, and the lonely, monotonous cry of the other. I believe that the mere vibration of the ground caused by a person walking quietly across a soft peat moor is enough to start these birds from their slumbers.

Grouse awake very early in the morning, and begin to crow and fly to and fro long before it can be said that daylight has come. I have many, many times imitated the call notes, and drawn several within a few yards of me before it was light enough to see them.

A covey or family of partridges has a very funny way indeed of going to bed, but it is also a very safe and ingenious one. At eventide the parents call their children together by a note which sounds like torwhit. When they are all assembled they form a close circle, with their tails pointing to the centre and their heads outwards. This artful arrangement, which is called by naturalists and sportsmen "jugging," enables them to discover danger from whichever point of the compass it may approach.

Swallows sleep on beams in barns, as I have frequently proved by visiting their quarters with a lantern. A peculiarity about young swallows in their nests is, that they keep up a discontented kind of twittering all night long.

Whether birds require more sleep in winter on account of the cold it is very difficult to say, but it is certain that they have to spend twice the length of time in bed, if I may be allowed to use the expression.

Some birds either require next to no sleep at all, or take what they do have in occasional naps, for I have heard the nightingale and corncrake at all hours of the night and day too. Some people think that the nightingale only sings during the night, but this is a great mistake. The fact is, that amidst the general chorus of birds, the prince of singers is not noticed by day.

Owls sleep in old towers, belfries, crevices in rocks, holes in trees, and similar dark places during the day, and come forth at night in search of their prey. I have occasionally known one make a mistake during a dull summer's day and leave its quarters, only to get savagely mobbed by all the little birds of the neighborhood for its pains.

The sedge warbler sleeps amongst nettles in hedges and thickets, and if you throw a stone or lump of earth into the middle of its haunt at night time, the bird positively appears to like being suddenly waked up and startled, for it at once repays you for your trouble with a sweet snatch of song.

Many sea birds sleep upon the waves, and are thus literally "rocked in the cradle of the deep." I have seen the herring-gulls carefully examining the fishermen's nets at dawn far out on the North Sea.

Several members of the duck family sleep on large meres, lakes, tarns, and estuaries by day, and feed and fly at night time, on dark nights, killing themselves in the rigging of ships occasionally.

It is a strange fact that nearly all birds that migrate perform most of their long flights by night.

At Home and Abroad.

A symptom of the feeling at the foreign exchanges in regard to the stand taken by President Cleveland in the Venezuelan question is the following exchange of cables between some London and New York stock brokers. The Londoner cabled first: "We hope your excursion boats will not be in the way of our battle ships" (a hint of the interference of pleasure boats during the recent international yacht races). The reply was: "We hope your battle ships are better than your yachts." Comment is unnecessary.

Victor Paiquin, of Putnam, Conn., disposed of a young black and tan dog for $2.50 to a sporting man of Montreal. Four months ago Paiquin's son, a merchant of Boston, brought the dog from Canada to that city with much difficulty. He had no sooner landed on the platform than the dog ran up the track toward Worcester. A few months later the son received a letter from his father announcing the arrival of the dog at Montreal. A few weeks ago the dog was sent from Worcester to Boston with a message attached, and arrived at the destination safe and sound.

Science is not only in this day throwing light on man, but literally in man and through man. Now, one can swallow an electric light and shed illumination on the mysteries of his interior; and a cablegram from London at last asserts that Professor Boutgen, of the Wuerzburgh University, has discovered a light which will penetrate a man's flesh and photograph broken bones and stray bullets. What miracle will the surgeons not perform to-morrow? Confirmation of this fairy like rumor will be hailed by mankind throughout the world as one of the greatest triumphs of the scientist in modern surgery.

A German State Engineer has been commissioned by his Government to look into the methods used in this country for the propulsion of cars by electricity. He comes to the right country to learn both how to build and run and how not to build and run street railways. The present year will doubtless witness some of the greatest experiments with electricity the world has ever known. The electric motor for railroads will in all likelihood be perfected, and when it is we may expect to see great improvements in the traveling facilities of the country. This is certainly the age of progress, and our German guest should get many excellent ideas from us for use in his own country.

When the etiquette of court-life was more stringent than it is now, that of the court of Spain was most rigorous. It was against the law of the land for anyone but the grand equerry to touch the Queen of Spain when she was on horseback, especially to touch her feet; and it is related that when one day the second queen of Charles II. fell from her horse whilst hunting, her foot caught in the stirrup, and she was in immediate danger of being killed, her attendants, to the number of forty-three, stood by, not daring to assist her. At last humanity overcame prudence, and two gentlemen extricated her from her perilous position. But when once her Majesty was safe, they spurred their horses and rode as rapidly as possible to the frontier, in order to save their heads. And their pardon by the king, at the queen's intercession, was regarded as a mark of most regal clemency. Another story of the length to which etiquette was carried, is that of the silk stockings. At a time when silk was a luxury that only sovereigns could indulge in, the inhabitants of Toledo presented the then Queen of Spain with a pair of beautifully woven silk stockings upon her marriage, but to their dismay the costly gift was indignantly refused, with an intimation that the "Queen of Spain has no legs," a statement that has survived as a proverb to the present day.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Our Young Folks.

PATIENT GRISSEL.

BY E. M.

A MERRY company rode out one morning from the castle of the Marquis of Saluzzo, or Saluzzo, in Piedmont. The marquis himself was the foremost, gaily dressed, followed by his friends, all mounted, and by attendant footmen.

The marquis was going to bring home his bride. He had chosen for wife a very pretty, industrious peasant girl, daughter of a husbandman named Janicola. Her name was Griselda, and she was noted for her patience and obedience, her kindness, and good looks.

But when the marquis proposed to make her his wife, she was surprised. Her father declared that the honor was too great, and Griselda, carrying the water-cans, hurried away because she could hardly believe in her good fortune.

She and all the country people liked the marquis, who was kind and liberal. Griselda knew him well, and now we see him riding out again to fetch his bride back to the castle after the wedding.

Everyone was delighted and happy, for all felt that Griselda was quite worthy of the honor and of the position. She looked so handsome, and so nice in the grand dress—so gentle and so kindly, that all the servants forgot that she was only a peasant girl, and waited on her as gladly as if she had been born a duchess.

The Marquis was happy. There was nothing in which his wife contradicted or thwarted him—nothing! His friends told him of her wonderful patience and submission, her calmness and resignation.

"I think I could arouse her from her patience," said the marquis. "If I were to try, I am sure I could make her angry! But I will not. She is so good, so kind!"

"You think you could, but you cannot," replied the friend. "Griselda is, as she has always been, immovable. Nothing will ruffle her temper or cause her to complain."

"You are mistaken," replied the marquis. "I have a mind to try whether she is really such an obedient creature as she appears. I will do so, and you will see the result."

"I shall see it," replied the count, his friend. "Your wife will be all obedience."

"Come to-morrow, count, and you shall witness my defeat, I fancy," said the marquis.

"Your victory, you mean! Her ladyship will not change her nature for you, marquis."

Next day, when the count came, the marquis dispatched his faithful servant to Griselda to say what he told him privately.

The man, wondering very much at the message, went to Griselda's apartments, and said—

"Madam, forgive me; I am obliged to deliver to you my lord's message. The marquis must be obeyed without question or complaint."

"Say on, good sergeant," replied Griselda.

"His lordship commands me to take the child, his little girl, and——"

Griselda cried out. She had heard some bad stories of this man. She suspected him, and believed that he intended to carry away and perhaps kill the baby-girl! But her lord's commands, she thought, must be obeyed. She could not think he would be cruel. But to part with her child was so terrible!

She seized it, and kissed it again and again. Poor little thing! "Farewell, my child!" she cried at last. "Farewell! Take her," she continued, to the sergeant, "as my lord commands it. But, I pray you, bury the body in some place where the birds and beasts will not find it. Tell my lord."

Then she could say no more, and the man returned to the marquis with the child.

"Ah!" exclaimed the count, "you have won your victory! The Lady Griselda has obeyed you! I thought so."

Then the sergeant told his master what Griselda had said, and he was sorry. But he never intended to harm his little daughter. He only wished to prove his wife's patience.

So he sent the child away secretly and in safety, to be taken care of and brought up in a proper manner; but his wife imagined the child was dead, though it really was with the marquis' sisters at Bologna.

When the marquis again met his wife he found her as obedient and devoted as before. She never complained to him, and went about the house as usual, though in her heart she sorrowed for her little girl. The marquis was not kind to her at all, but she quietly submitted, and did not question his right to do as he pleased. He was the master, and the owner; and in those old days the master was absolute. There was no contradicting him. He did as he pleased. So time passed peacefully.

The marquis then thought that he would again try his wife's temper cruelly. A son had come to him, and he made up a tale which induced his wife to give up this baby also.

"The people do not like the grandson of a farmer to be my heir and their future lord," he said. "You must give up your boy. He must be despatched to his sister!"

Then Griselda replied, "He it as you will! I have nothing hardly of my own. You brought me here, and gave me clothes and riches. With my old dress I put off my will and all my liberty. I am yours, my son is yours, and if you desire my life also, take it!"

The marquis was very pleased to find that his wife was really the submissive girl he had been informed she was. But he could not resist another attempt. She herself had given him the idea, and he now intended to put it into practice.

It certainly was extremely cruel of him to pain his wife in this way, but he was of such a fiery nature himself, he could not understand the patience and resignation of a trusting and obedient woman and wife.

His last unkindness to prove her was the worst. He pretended that she must no longer remain in the castle. "Her courage would be great indeed," he thought, "if she submits to be sent away as poor as she was when I married her. I will send her back to her father."

So he called her, and said—

"Griselda, for many years we have been married, but now I think you should return home, as I am going to make some changes here, and intend to have some people to stay in the castle—some great ladies and gentlemen from Bologna. You are only a ploughman's daughter, and cannot remain. So you must depart."

"Cannot I have my clothes? Would you deprive me of my dresses?" she asked.

"Yes; you became my wife with none of these. To your home you shall return as you came thenceforth."

But when the marquis perceived that Griselda was ready to do as he commanded, he was near telling her all. However, he refrained, and she then took off all her finery—even her wedding ring—and left the house in the old dress she had had when she came.

The marquis then blamed himself that even in joke he had behaved so cruelly. When he saw his wife walking away, scantily clad, with bare head and bare feet, he nearly cried for shame; and all the people cried shame on him for turning out his patient and beautiful wife in such a way.

The farmer, Janicola, was very angry and mortified that his daughter should have been treated in such a manner. For more than twelve years she had been a true and most submissive wife, and now he had turned her out of doors in poverty. It was too bad!

But when the ladies and gentlemen came and all the fine folks, the marquis could not resist another trial. He sent for Griselda, and she came up to the castle again, in her old clothes, a peasant girl once more—beautiful and gentle as ever.

"Griselda," said her lord, "I want you to come here and stay awhile, because you understand how to arrange the apartments and to manage the household. I want to do honor to my guests, and you can help to set things straight. The servants have no knowledge of my needs."

"I am glad to do as you will, and serve in any degree," she replied. "Though you will be surrounded by ladies and gentlemen, none will love you as I do, no matter what may happen!"

The marquis was pleased. His conscience told him that he was behaving cruelly, even though he intended to "make it all up" soon. But patient Griselda only sighed, and wept in secret. She showed no sorrow to her lord, but still remained submissive.

She attended to everything—arranged the rooms and the banquets.

All was prepared. The guests were arriving. Patient Griselda saw them, and among them was a beautiful girl with sweet face, to whom the marquis was most attentive. There were other ladies and gentlemen, but few could compare with this young lady.

Perhaps she was coming to stay with all these people! This thought made Griselda unhappy, and she turned away when the party went to the banquet.

To her surprise, an attendant came and said:

"My lord requests your company in the hall."

Of course Griselda went with the steward. She followed the messenger meekly, and, when she reached the dining hall, she was led to the seat at the right hand of the marquis.

Griselda was perfectly astonished. There was some mistake! The beautiful young girl she had already seen was seated at her husband's left side; but the marquis now turned to Griselda, and took her hand.

"Be no more frightened," he said. "Griselda, my dearest wife, I have proved, very sorely, your worth and dignity. I have tried you, my wife hardly; but here is joy in store. No one can ever fill your place, no one can ever come between us; no one shall part us more! Here beside me—look at her well, regard this damsel; she is our daughter! Yonder is our son! I have kept them at Bologna; not in malice or in cruelty did I take them, but to prove your true gentleness and patience!"

Then, as the marquis stooped down to embrace his faithful, loving wife, she felt that all her sufferings were rewarded. She had triumphed—she had won! Her reward was great as her trials had been.

In the thrice happy society of her husband, son, and daughter she lived long, and was for ever known, as she still is known, by the name of "Patient Griselda."

A CURE FOR MENDICANCY.—On the day fixed, orders being previously given, the police of Munich seized every beggar of every kind that could be found in the streets, and conveyed all, bodily, to a large manufactory, the character of which was, in fact, that of a workhouse, with, however, the valuable addition of military discipline.

Once secured within the New Military Workhouse, the beggars were washed, dressed, and fed; they were given free permission to stay or go, as they pleased; but a decree was soon issued, making mendicancy a breach of the law, and ordering the gendarmes, throughout the capital, to arrest any one proved to have been begging.

Othello's occupation was gone; the beggar, who dared no longer to beg, was only too glad to eat the excellent dinner provided at the workhouse, and to do the work for which alone that dinner was the recompense.

As a proof of the success of the system, it may be mentioned that in five years' time the institution was realizing nearly a thousand per annum.

But what was that? The real glory lay in the fact that a vicious, idle race of beings, who were numbered by thousands, even in so small a city as Munich, were gradually converted into honest workmen; were instructed in religion, and raised in moral character; while the citizens were relieved of what had been a tax on their purses and tempers alike.

A HIGH PUFF.—A manufacturer and vender of quack medicines recently wrote to a friend for a strong recommendation of his, the manufacturer's "Balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

Dear Sir:—"The land composing this farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them sideways; but hearing of your balsam, I put some on the corner of a ten acre field surrounded by a rail fence, and in the morning I found that the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into fire wood and piled up symmetrically in my back yard. I put half an ounce in the middle of a huckleberry swamp—in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle. As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of $17 in a lottery."

THOSE persons who creep into the hearts of most people—who are chosen as the companions of their softer hours, and their reliefs from care and anxiety—are never persons of shining qualities nor strong virtues. It is rather the soft green of the soul on which we rest our eyes, that are fatigued with beholding more glaring objects.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The enumerators of the last census reported 47 frog farms.

The recent census of Boston gives that city a population of 496,920.

The farmers of our country raised in 1880 2,812,437 bushels of Canada peas.

The young man who knows only part of it learns more than he who knows it all.

There 2487 different varieties of fire-escapes and ladders to be used in emergencies.

A "deaf" musician who tunes his banjo is the latest freak to turn up in Maine.

Besides her plague of rabbits Australia is now threatened with a plague of foxes.

Over 65,000,000 fish were distributed by the Wisconsin State Fish Commission the past year.

The schoolma'ams of Muncie, Ind., notified the school children that there is no Santa Claus.

Turnpikes were so called from poles or bars, swung on a staple, and turned either way when dues were paid.

A Quitman, Mo., man has just received $40 from the Government for a horse killed during the civil war.

Australia stands first among the wool-producing countries of the world. The yield last year was 550,000,000 pounds.

In China tiger bones are used as a medicine. It is considered that they impart to the invalid some of the tiger's strength.

There are 30,951 Italians in New York, the largest colony of this people in the United States; Brooklyn comes second with 9,...

Over one hundred tincan makers in Salem County are idle owing to the large surplus of cans caused by last season's short crop.

Thirty cars filled with cheese went through Oxford county, Maine, last week, on their way to Boston to be shipped to England.

Professor Van Amringe, of Columbia University, has urged New Yorkers of Dutch descent to establish a chair of Dutch in that institution.

Arant Buntley, a young negro of Georgetown, Ky., recently died from the effects of a hemorrhage brought on by shouting hallelujah at a revival meeting.

There is a deed of record in Jackson county, Missouri, from Christopher Columbus Noland to George Washington Hallor, witnessed by Thomas Jefferson Boulo.

A Georgia preacher with lots of spine has done a unique thing. He went to a holiday dance and turned it into a prayer meeting in the midst of the festivities.

The Sedalia, Mo., Democrat tells how Judge Shirk, of that town, went to St. Louis to help prosecute a thief, and had his hat stolen in a barber shop and his overcoat and cane in the court room.

The ostrich is believed to see objects behind as well as in front. Persons standing directly behind an ostrich can see the pupil of his eyes, and, of course, are thus easily seen by the animal.

It is no trouble at all for thieves to get along in Topeka. The money drawer of police headquarters was robbed the other afternoon and the thief got in and out of the building without being seen.

German is said to be the favorite language of the court of England, owing to the fact that it is easier for the queen to speak that language to the family of the Duke of York, who speaks little German, English is used between themselves exclusively.

Golf is played under difficulties at Buluwayo, Africa, as the natives have taken a fancy to the balls, and lie in wait for them in the bush near by. They pierce a hole through the balls and string them with the heads of their necklaces.

A hunter, while roaming in the woods of Cromwell, Conn., recently, came upon an excavation in a bank, turning over an iron vessel which was imbedded in the sand, he found a parchment envelope, the contents of which were: "We are satisfied that Capt. Kidd's treasure is not buried here."

The timidity of fish afforded one of many interesting discussions at a recent reunion of the Boston Piscatorial Society. It was remarked that big gun practice on the sea coast, while it would cause lobsters out of sheer fright to cast one of their claws, would drive millions of fish into other waters.

Russia, whose calendar is 12 days behind ours, proposes to change the Gregorian calendar after the beginning of the new century. The authorities have not yet decided whether to jump over the 12 days at once or to accomplish their object gradually by omitting the first 12 leap years of the century.

Policeman Tobin, of Chicago, bumped up against a hump-backed woman, "just to change his luck," and succeeded in a surprising way. One policeman held the woman while the other examined the curious, movable lump, and found it to be a package of movable silks and linens, stolen from A. M. Rothschild & Co's store.

MAGIC WORDS.

BY W. W. LONG.

I love thee—
How bright the sun would shine to-day,
And all the year would summer be,
If your red lips would speak and say
Three magic words to me:
"I love thee."

A PLAY IN SIAM.

The space intervening between the stage and the house was occupied by a large crowd of natives—men, women, and children.

There were eight players; of these, two were men, and the others were pretty plump young women. The dress of the latter consisted of a close-fitting tunic, which left the arms bare from the shoulder, and of a very short skirt scarcely reaching to the knee. Handsome ornaments were worn upon the head; and the neck, arms, wrists, and fingers were ablaze with all sorts of gems and jewelry.

Only one of the actresses spoke during the piece, and she took the part of the Queen. The five others appeared as ladies of the court, and their duty was to move silently and gracefully about the stage, and occasionally to pose in various attitudes, which were sometimes elegant, but more often seemed to be labored and unpleasing contortions of the body.

When our party had taken the seats arranged for us upon the platform, the play commenced, and absolute silence reigned amongst the hundreds of spectators. I may say that no attempt whatever had been made to produce any scenic effect upon the stage.

The two men were the first to appear. One represented the King of some Siamese country; and the other a Buddhist priest despatched from the temple to the palace to warn the sovereign against the evil designs of a "malignant being," who intended to interfere at the birth of the son of his majesty. The monarch, however, being a keen sportsman, declined to stay at home and guard his consort, as such a course would entail the loss of a day's hunting.

In the next scene, the Queen advanced from the green-room, attended by the court ladies; hereupon, while the latter went through several postures, the chorus explained to the audience that the birth of the son and heir had taken place during the absence of the King, whose immediate return was looked for by the ladies with no little trepidation, as the child had disappeared immediately after its birth. The Queen then made a long and despairing speech.

The third scene showed up the King on his return from the chase. He eagerly demanded news from the chorus, who declined to give any intelligence beyond simply stating that a disaster had taken place, and that the priest alone could give the required information.

Great amusement was then caused by the repeated and unsuccessful attempts of the King to enter the Queen's apartment, the green-room, in which he was always foiled by the united efforts of the court ladies. At least, wearied out, the King sank upon the stage, and fell asleep.

This seemed to be a favorite time for the interlude, and there was a general movement amongst the orchestra and spectators. The actresses quitted the green-room, and gathered round the prostrate but no longer sleeping monarch, chattering merrily with their mouths full of betel-nut. The petty vendors of tobacco, betel-nut, seri leaves, sweetmeats, and cooling drinks, hawked about their wares in every direction.

After ten minutes had elapsed, the orchestra returned to their places, the actresses retired, the King resumed his sleep, and the priest appeared. He awakened the King, and informed him that the son and heir had been born during his improper absence from the palace, and that the child had been lost. Hereupon the King became distracted, and raved loudly at the chorus.

The priest, having withdrawn, reappeared in the character of the "malignant being." He had effected the change by simply casting a splendid bear-skin over his shoulders, and by holding the bear's head in front of his face. King and beast at once flew at one another, and a violent "set-to" followed; each of them being armed with a hatchet. The blows were dexterously given, and were skilfully warded off by means of wooden clubs; ultimately, the King won, and forced the beast to disclose his righteous machinations.

In the last scene we were again introduced to the Queen and her ladies, who re-entered dressed in fresh and more brilliant costumes. The chorus then explained that the Queen had found beneath her sleeping mat her lost babe, transformed into a piece of stick.

The Queen walked about crying out weeping, and holding the stick aloft for all to see. The ladies went through numberless attitudes and contortions. The priest reappeared, and told the Queen that the beast, who had escaped, had been recaptured by the King.

Whereupon, the chorus brought the play to an end by observing that the King had suffered enough for his imprudence, and would soon return to the palace with the beast, who would be compelled to restore the child to its human shape.

Two of the most noticeable features in this performance were the rapidity of the action and the subservience of detail, except so far as regarded the posturing of the court ladies, to which was allotted quite an undue proportion of the two hours occupied by the whole play. In these particulars the Siamese entertainment afforded a marked contrast to the excessive elaboration observed in the Japanese plays.

GREAT DISASTERS.—Last year was a record breaker so far as great disasters on the ocean are concerned. On January 30th the North German Lloyd steamer Elbe was sunk in the North Sea and 378 persons perished. In March the Spanish warship Reina Regente was lost in the Mediterranean with all on board, about 240. On May 27th the Pacific mail steamer Colima, running between San Francisco and Panama, was wrecked off the Mexican coast, and of the nearly 200 souls aboard but 20 reached the shore. On the day following the sinking of the Colima the French steamer Dom Pedro, with emigrants going to Brazil, struck a rock off the Spanish coast, burst her boilers and sank, with a loss of 105 lives. The latest disaster was the loss of the Italian steamer Maria P., which collided with the Ortigia in the Gulf of Genoa, and sunk with 148 souls.

Grains of Gold.

Better to do well late than never.

Betray no trust, divulge no secret.

No man can be wise on an empty stomach.

Diversity of opinion proves that things are only what we think them.

There is no better excess in the world than the excess of gratitude.

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.

You cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge one for yourself.

The best that can be said of some foolish people is that they are useful as an example to others.

What men want is not talent—it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, or happier, or wiser for it. It commends no one to society: it is disgusting to the refined, and abominable to the good.

He that would pass the latter part of his life with honor and decency must, when he is young, consider that he shall one day be old, and remember when he is old that he has once been young.

Femininities.

She: And what would you be now, if it weren't for my money? He: A bachelor.

A genealogist has figured it out that Queen Victoria will in all probability live to see her grandchildren's grandchildren.

The order of King's Daughters, organized nine years ago, in New York city, by 10 women, now has a membership of 400,000.

A Cincinnati young lady in a breach of promise suit proved that the defendant had treated her to ice cream more than 100 times.

A decrepit old woman was recently released from the Cincinnati Workhouse who had had five husbands, each one of whom had met a violet death.

"Dear God," prayed a little Church street maiden last evening, "make a good little girl out of me; and if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Winston: What do people mean when they say of a girl she is "quaint"? Worston: They mean usually that it is charitable not to express their real opinion of her.

"What are you thinking about, Ida?" "I'm thinking about nothing, auntie. I never think about anything unless I happen to think of something to think about."

"Dearest Emma, will you be mine?" "Oh, this is so unexpected—you must give me time." "How long?" "Just a moment, Mamma is waiting in the next room."

He: If you didn't love me, why did you marry me? She: Well, when you proposed, you said I was an angel, and I'd heard that people should marry their opposites.

When Mlle. Christine, the twoheaded colored woman, rides on the European railways she has "heaps of trouble" with conductors who try to levy two fares from the freak.

Mrs. Knerve rang the bell for the domestic. "Norah," she said, when the kitchen lady appeared, "I'll feed the canary myself after this. The doctor says I must take more exercise."

A curious fad of ex queen Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, is a passion for rope knots made by sailors who have visited the islands. She has a large collection of these evidences of nautical skill.

Young wife: When my husband gets cross I always threaten to go home to my mother. Old wife: Mercy, child! how simple you are! You should threaten to have your mother come to you.

Baroness, to lady companion: The beginning of this novel is horribly dull. Have the goodness, Fraulein Brockhardt, to read the first two or three chapters for me; I will then go on with the fourth.

Ragson Tatters: I feel sure you will give me a good meal, lady. Lady: Why? Because that deceitful lookin' woman nex' door said you was too stingy to even let me smell the cookin'. Come in, poor man.

"Dear me, I find it impossible to drag my feet away," he said, as the clock struck twelve, and he gave no sign of going. "Perhaps they are asleep," suggested the young lady, with a yawn. And he took the hint.

Wife: You saw Mrs. Browner last evening? Husband: Yes; but not to speak to. Wife: What a story! They tell me you were sitting with her more than two hours. Husband: True; but it was she who did the talking.

The response of a certain Frenchman to a handsome woman who complained that she had discovered three gray hairs in her head was paradoxical, but pretty. "Madam," he said, "so long as they can be counted, they don't count!"

Power of selecting a husband—by inspection, it might be called—is a privilege of Princesses of the House of Othman, and is carried to such an extent that, even if the favored gentleman already possesses a wife, he must divorce her and wed the Sultana.

"One question more," said Van Sleek, after selecting an engagement-ring. "Well, sir?" replied the jeweler. "If this engagement should result in marriage," went on Van Sleek, "I suppose I could have this stone taken out and a genuine diamond of the same size put in?"

From St. Petersburgh comes the story of a charming young widow who raised a magnificent tomb over her late husband, and placed the following inscription on it. "My grief is so great that I cannot bear it." Time however assuaged her grief, and a year or two afterwards she married a handsome officer of the Imperial Guard. The inscription to her former husband at first troubled her a little, but she got over the difficulty by adding the word "alone."

There seems to be some probability that the admission of women to degrees at Oxford and Cambridge is within measurable distance. At least, movement in this direction has been made of late and is still being made at Oxford, and if one university is sensible enough to make this educational advance, the other can scarcely fail to follow suit. There is nothing, one would imagine, to be said against such a step, for it is manifestly absurd to permit women to compete with men for a prize, so to say, and then, when they win, deny it to them because of their sex.

Masculinities.

Many a man thinks that he is in love when he is simply a little bilious.

When a man is engaged to be married he spends most of his time wondering if he hasn't made a big mistake.

An Ohio girl has been asleep since November 28 and all efforts to awaken her are in vain. She talks in her sleep.

A Terre Haute man has been fined for hugging pretty girls. This never would have happened if he had been a handsome man.

Undying fame will be achieved by the man who shall devise some means to effectively prevent the office boy from whistling.

Fair visitor: How can you tell an optimist from a pessimist? The artist: The one says, "That's good," and the other, "That's not bad."

He, anxiously: "Did I understand you to say 'Miss' or 'Mrs.'?" She, demurely: "Miss." He, gallantly: "Pray allow me to make it 'Mrs.'!"

It is painfully hard for the average young man to help a pretty girl on with her coat and tuck her fashionable sleeves inside, and then stop right there.

An Alabama woman fell and died when she was told, in jest, that her husband had been killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while he was out hunting.

All men of genius are said to have eyes clear, slow moving and bright. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind, it does not matter what.

A wealthy young lawyer spent two days and two nights over one case, and at the end of that time could not tell which side he was on. It was a case of champagne.

Nearly one-half of the national House members are college graduates, and the same is true of the Senate. Some 63 per cent. of the Representatives and 68 per cent. of the Senators are lawyers.

A rich but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said, "True, I don't give much, but, if you only knew how it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

Tommy: Pop, would you call politics a business or a profession? Tommy's Pop: Well, my boy, that depends upon circumstances. If you are on the losing side it's a profession, and if you're on the winning side it's a business.

A man released from jail in Winchester, Ind., a few days ago, after serving a long term, went straight to the railroad station to take a train for his home, and, in attempting to board it, fell under the wheels and was killed.

Charles J. Weller of Elkhart, Ind., was employed in grinding at an emery wheel, but, regarding the position as dangerous, handed in his resignation. Five minutes before the time for ending his last day at the work the wheel burst and killed him.

"Do you believe in this talk about discovering a man's character from his handwriting?" "I do," replied Green, with a sigh. "Ever know of its being tried?" "Yes, and with fatal efficacy. The experiment is most successful when the handwriting is read aloud in court."

In order to find out whether his employes were attending to their duties, Russell Sage recently engaged the services of a detective equipped with a camera. This novel scheme was tried on the Poughkeepsie & Eastern Railroad, and has already resulted in several dismissals.

King Leopold, of Belgium, detests instrumental music of any kind. It seems to cause him real physical suffering. If anyone sits down at the piano in the King's presence his Majesty swiftly vanishes, while it is said that he would run a mile to escape the sound of his Queen's harp.

A big-hearted citizen of Bangor, Me., has tried the new-clothes method of reform for youngsters who persist in playing truant. This reformer believes that many cases of truancy are the result of inborn pride on the part of the little fellows which keeps them from going to school, where they would receive the taunts of the better clothed boys.

"You don't call upon Miss Smarte as much as you did?" "No; fact is, I have reasons for suspecting that my company is not so agreeable as it might be. The last time I was there I suppose I did stay rather long, and when I got up to go, Miss Smarte said: 'Must you go now? I was in hopes you would stop for breakfast.' Somehow I got an idea that perhaps it would be just as well for me not to waste any more time at that house."

Not long since a party of visitors inspected a poorhouse. Among the inmates was a venerable-looking old man, whose face indicated perfect happiness. He seemed to be perfectly contented. Said one of the visitors, "You seem to be satisfied with your lot?" "I am," he replied; "I have a source of consolation that is denied to most men." "Ah," said the visitor, "you look forward to a blissful future beyond the grave?" "Yes," responded the old man; "but I also find much comfort in the old proverb that says one man's loss is another man's gain. It makes me happy to think I never lost enough to do the feller that found it much good."

Latest Fashion Phases.

A very chic gown for opera or other grand occasion has a skirt of chine silk on a salmon pink ground. It has nine gores, and is finished without adornment.

The low blouse bodice is made of rich green velvet, mounted on a shaped yoke of white satin, covered with white net, glittering with silver paillettes. Three straps of white satin, extending from the decolletage to the belt, are fastened to the yoke by three handsome pearl buttons. The white satin belt fastens on the right side of the front, where it is garnished with a shaded chrysanthemum. The chine sleeves are very novel and elegant, and are made over a short foundation sleeve; the silk puffed sleeve is very long at the back, from 36 to 40 inches, while the front is cut much shorter. The plaits draping it are concealed under a white satin strap.

A very pretty gown for a young girl is made of white satin, trimmed with white tulle and white satin ribbon. The full flaring skirt, falling in many graceful folds, is quite plain.

The decollete bodice is very fully gathered, with the sloping neck formed in heart shape. In the front two wide ribbon draperies come from under the arms and cross, the ends being secured under the ribbon belt, which is finished on the left side with a knot and two sash ends. Double frills of tulle, headed by a band of spangled satin, are arranged on the shoulders. The elbow sleeve is made of tulle.

An attractive gown is made of silver-gray prismatic silk. The full skirt is perfectly plain.

The closely fitted decollete bodice of silk is covered with an embroidery in gold and silver threads and spangles. A slashed collar of pale-blue velvet turns back from the low neck and is bordered by a narrow band of metallic embroidery. The collar is divided in the front by a drapery of velvet, which extends across the front and connects the collar with velvet choux. A similar drapery is arranged across the bust and at the waist line. The silk sleeves terminate at the elbow and are untrimmed.

An elegant toilette is of shot pink and blue mirror velvet. The very wide skirt opens over a tablier of old-pink satin and is lined throughout with pink silk.

The perfectly fitting low corsage has a vest of plaited pink mousseline de soie, which is drawn under a girdle of jewelled passementerie. Bretelles of velvet are decorated on the shoulders by aigrette bows of the same. The puff sleeve is made of the mousseline, and extends half way to the elbow.

A study in yellow and white is a nine-gored skirt made of rich yellow satin, adorned on either seam of the front gore by three graduated choux of white tulle, with clusters of yellow roses nestling in the soft folds of the tulle, the choux being united by a band of the tulle. It is lined throughout with white silk. The decollete bodice is draped with the tulle, having the fullness drawn to the centre of the front, where it is framed into a jacot from the decolletage to the belt. The wide belt is made of the yellow satin. The right shoulder is garnished with a bow of white ribbon and a bunch of yellow roses, and the left is trimmed with a large chou of the tulle. The soft, very full tulle sleeve extend to the elbow and are suggestive of a ballet skirt, their width being most becoming to the waist.

A stylish gown is made with a white satin skirt opening on the left side to display a panel of light blue velvet, which is wide at the waist line, gradually becoming narrower till it descends half the length of the skirt, where it widens to the foot. Two bows of blue velvet embellish the panel half way between the waist and foot. Sets of blue velvet bows are arranged down the right side of the skirt. Round the waist, sewn on to the skirt at the back, which is carried down to the bows at the side, is a basque formed of fine white lace. The upper part of the front and left side is spangled with silver sequins.

The low bodice has large box plaits of the satin glittering with sequins on the right side of the front, while the upper part of the left side is heavily draped with lace. The belt is blue velvet. The elbow sleeves are composed of bouillonees of the satin and frills of lace, the top of the right sleeve being satin, while the left is lace.

A very smart ball gown is made of silver gray velvet; the full flaring skirt opens over a tablier of fully gathered, handsome white lace, over which falls two box plaits of the velvet, joined at the centre edges at the waist line, but allowed to separate at the foot and reveal the lace.

The low square-neck bodice fits the figure perfectly, and is embellished with cascades of white lace, which is studded with diamond buttons. The butterfly sleeves are made of the velvet. A band of velvet in double folds surrounds the waist.

At the Rufford Hunt ball, in England the Duchess of Portland wore a pure white satin gown. Her Grace's height and lovely jewels made her a stately and imposing presence in the brilliant throng. The full skirt fell in many graceful folds and was finished without adornment.

The decollete bodice was draped most artistically. A wide waistband of pearl white satin was elaborately embroidered in silver. The tulle sleeves terminated at the elbows, and were flecked with sparkling silver paillettes. Her tiara, which was a high one, was of sapphires and diamonds. She also wore several strings of pearls, as well as a diamond necklet with pear shaped pearl pendants. A long chain of diamonds, worn all round the shoulders, fastened at one side of the bodice with a small diamond and sapphire clasp, while the other side of the white satin bodice was ablaze with a large knot-shaped ornament of diamonds and sapphires. Her Grace added an artistic touch of color to her costume by wearing a little group of her favorite Malmaison carnations tucked into her bodice at the left side.

At the same ball Lady Newton-Butler wore a white silk gown, with a chine design in shaded red roses, with just a little green foliage. The full skirt was quite plain.

The fitted corsage had the decolletage outlined by a flounce of green chiffon, edged with narrow white lace of an exquisite design and texture. A sash of green chiffon was fastened at the left side of the front with a diamond ornament. The puff sleeves extended to the elbow. She wore a pearl collar, clasped with diamonds, and diamonds ornamented in her hair.

Odds and Ends.

SOME FACTS ABOUT EMBROIDERY.

The Cachuca embroidery, in which the groundwork of the pattern is marked out in a series of dots, which become connected into stars by the addition of stitches, is now brought out in a more elaborate form. The centres of satchets, tea cloths, and similar articles are of soft brocaded Pongee silk, and have a hem of rather coarse linen. Upon the part where the linen and silk meet is traced a row of pansies or other flowers. Beyond this, on the linen, are the rosettes. The flowers are entirely covered with carefully shaded embroidery, the stars, or rosettes, being rather more open. The effect of the open and close work combined is rich.

A novel tea cosy, made of light colored felt, has, by way of ornament, a teapot on the front, shaped in light tinted velvet to imitate china. This is intended to be worked up with bright silks and gold thread.

A pretty teacloth has small lines of drawn threadwork crossing and dividing it into tiny squares. The pattern for embroidery is traced over these, and the thick work has a decidedly novel effect when intersected with the fine, open lines.

The latest novelties in broderie Russe are d'oyleys to fit those papiermache bread trays which are shaped like canoes. They suit the trays exactly, and are traced all ready for working in cross stitch. A narrow Russian lace is carried round the edge.

A new idea is an umbrella suspender knitted in brightly colored silks. It is about twelve inches long and two inches wide. The two ends are joined to make a ring, and this is looped round the handle of the umbrella, so that it can be hung conveniently to the wrist.

Sashes of colored satin ribbon are now arranged to hold a photograph at each end. They are gathered across the middle, so that one end is longer than the other, and are hung up on the wall.

Coarse net, gilded or enamelled, is the newest covering for pin cushions. It is laid over brightly colored satin.

One of the prettiest ways of working the innumerable linen bags that are to be had so cheaply now is to follow the outlines with fine lace braid, and to fill in the space between them with pearl cotton a trifle darker than the background.

Some new thimbles have lately been introduced for use in the execution of embroidery with floss and other silks. It is guaranteed that they will not fray even the most delicate threads, so carefully is the surface moulded. They appear to be made of xylonite or celluloid, and somewhat resemble ivory in color.

A distinct looking teacloth has a design of pansies, with their stalks arranged round the edge. The stems of the flowers point towards the centre, so that the petals when buttonholed round form scallops all round the cloth, the linen being cut away beyond them. The embroidery is executed entirely with white cable silk.

Very beautiful is some of the fashionable spangle embroidery, and especially that which is arranged as a wreath, or frame, round a delicate little etching or engraving such as is often printed in red after the Bartolozzi style. Fans are to be had designed in a similar manner, many being actual copies of old and much-prized treasures.

Japanesque embroidery, so-called, shows a design of scattered, stemless flowers upon a background of fine white linen. The flowers are worked over closely, often with grayish-blue silk, and are interspersed with a wave-like design arranged quite informally, and executed with thick white silk.

Some of the new cloth embroidery displays a bold design which is outlined with what may well be described as cloth confetti of different colors. These little circles are so placed as to overlap in some parts of the design, and to set side by side in others. Gold thread and colored silks enliven some details of the work, and greatly lessen its somewhat solid appearance.

Talking of confetti reminds me that the little paper wafers that are likely to come largely into use at weddings, battles of flowers, and fetes of all kinds, are now brought out scented in various ways. There are orange-blossom perfumed confetti for weddings, and bergamot, white rose, and jessamine for more ordinary occasions. The addition of scent was suggested by the fact that many people sniff them in full expectation of finding the confetti perfumed, and it is thought that when they are thrown about in warm rooms the scent will become agreeably diffused.

Plain black net ornamented with sprays and flowers, made of Honiton and kindred laces, is popular on millinery, and for draping low bodiced dresses and sleeves. This suggests a new life for any piece of white lace of suitable design that has seen long service, and is too much torn to be used in its original form. Many ladies are contriving really handsome fronts and waistcoats from the coarse cream-colored guipure lace and colored satin. Still more uncommon is an applique of black lace sprays upon white, but to look really well this requires the addition of small sequins and fine gold thread, which at once render the work more elaborate in its execution.

Smyrna work is effective, and particularly inexpensive. It is executed upon a sort of cotton poplin with single Berlin, or almost any other kind of wool. The broad outlines of the design are over-sewn several times with the wools until they are completely and thickly covered. The threads are then secured at the back with a line of stitches and strong cotton, and the front is cut so that a velvety pile is produced. We have long been accustomed to execute this sort of work upon canvas, but it is a novelty to place it on materials of a more substantial character.

Lavender pillows are the latest comforts for tired heads, and the bare thoughts of the clean, refreshing scent seems to give relief. Certainly they are likely to be much more inviting than the pine needle cushions that are used for the same purpose. The covers are made of heliotrope colored linen prettily embroidered with flax threads of the same tint, but in paler shades. Others are covered with white linen and are decorated with spikes of the lavender flowers worked in the natural colors. These cushions are a development of the lavender sachets that have been so much appreciated since their introduction.

Chocolate.—Chocolate should be used as soon as it is made. The flavor is injured by reboiling it after it has become cold.

Orange and Tapioca Jelly.—Soak six tablespoonfuls of tapioca for three hours in two cupfuls of salted water; set in hot water and boil, adding four teaspoonfuls of sugar, and a little boiling water if too thick. When like custard, add the juice of one orange. Cover the bottom of the mould with sliced oranges, and, when the jelly is cool, pour it over the fruit.

Baked Mutton Chops.—Beat and trim the chops, roll each one in beaten egg and then in dried bread-crumbs, put them into a dripping-pan, with a small lump of butter on each one. Set in the oven, and as they brown baste every five minutes with boiling water and a little melted butter. When nut-brown, keep them hot, sprinkle with pepper and salt, while you thicken the gravy left in the pan by adding brown flour and a few tablespoonfuls of tomato catchup. Pour over the chops and serve.

Ox Eyes.—These dainties are made of rings of stale bread soaked in milk. Cut slices rather more than half an inch thick, and cut out in rounds with the top of a tumbler, taking smaller rounds from the centre of each with the top of a small wineglass. Lay in a buttered tin, and cover with milk, and, when they have absorbed it, break an egg into the middle of each ring, pepper and salt them, and put a teaspoonful of milk on the top of each egg. Bake in a hot oven till the whites are set, but not brown. When ready, lay on a hot dish, garnish with watercress, and send to table.

Cod's Sounds and Tongues.—Wash about three sounds and six tongues; put them into a saucepan, cover them with equal quantities of milk and water, and cook slowly for thirty minutes, then drain. When they are cold, put two tongues in the centre of each sound, and also one oyster; roll the sounds over and fasten them with small wooden skewers; then lard them with about six slices of fat bacon, dust with flour, and place in a baking dish. Now add one half pint of good stock, put them into the oven, cook for three quarters of an hour; when done, dish. Add a tablespoonful of butter rubbed with one of flour to the sauce in the pan; stir constantly until boiling. Pour over and serve.

REARING SPIDERS.—Of the many out-of-the-way industries of which people are for the most part entirely ignorant, the rearing of spiders is most remarkable. The industry is not strictly honest, for its object is to defraud the buyers of wine. It is said that there are only two spider-farms in the world, one of which is near this city.

The other is in a small French village in the Department of the Loire. The American spider-farm is also owned by a Frenchman, who rears these unpleasant insects for distribution to wine-merchants. He sells them at so much per hundred, chiefly to the wholesale merchants, who are thereby able to stock a cellar, with new and freshly-labelled bottles, and in less than three months see them covered with cobwebs, which gives them the appearance of having been stored for twenty years, at least.

A little dust scattered over the bins gives an added effect, and even the wariest and most experienced buyers are deceived by this appearance of age. The method of rearing the spiders is most interesting. They are bred in rooms, which hold about 2000, the walls being covered with small wire squares, whilst upon long tables in the centre stand wire-frames, glass jars, and wooden boxes.

The spiders are bred in the wire frames, and when sufficiently grown are placed behind the wire-screens upon the walls, where they thrive rapidly amongst the crevices of the woodwork.

The price charged is very high, as the spiders are great cannibals, and eat one another at every opportunity, irrespective of age or relationship; as they do not all spin webs, it very often happens that not more than fifty out of a thousand are suitable for the purposes of deception. However reprehensible the object this industry is a striking instance of human ingenuity.

FIND FAULT IN PRIVATE.—Find fault, when you must find fault, in private, if possible, and some time after the offence, rather than at the time. The blamed are less inclined to resist when they are blamed without witnesses. Both parties are calmer, and the accused person may be struck with the forbearance of the accuser, who has seen the fault and watched for a private and proper time for mentioning it. Never be harsh or unjust with your children or servants. Firmness, with gentleness of demeanor and a regard to the feelings, constitutes that authority which is always respected and valued. If you have any cause to complain of a servant, never speak hastily; wait, at all events, until you have had time to reflect on the nature of the offence.

A BIG PAINTING.—Tintoretto's "Paradise" is the largest painting in the world. It is eighty-four feet wide, thirty-three-and-a-half feet high, and is now in the Doges' Palace, Venice.

When the hair has fallen out, leaving the head bald, if the scalp is not shiny, there is a chance of regaining the hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

Dolly's Puzzle.

BY G. M. O.

IT WAS a domestic puzzle that stared Dolly Miller in the face that June morning, when the haymakers were at work in the meadows, and the "maiden's-blush" roses were blossoming on the bushes under the south parlor window.

"Now I wonder," said Dolly, standing with folded arms and heaven-blue eyes turned solemnly upward to the ceiling, "if I couldn't finish that wall?"

Dolly Miller was a farmer's daughter. She had blue, pensive eyes, dark-lashed and tender, a complexion like the balsams in the flower borders, and rosy, laughing lips, the lower one cleft in the centre, like a full, ripe cherry. And she was dressed in a cotton gown, with a strip of linen around her slim white throat, and a wide leather belt encircling her trim little waist.

These were the facts of the case. Mr. Miller, like many another thrifty farmer, took lodgers, and this year Mr. Falkner had come from the city to finish the last chapters of the novel that he was preparing for the press.

Dorothy did not know what he was doing. Still less did she know that his lily-tall, snow-fair heroine involuntarily took on, in the course of those last chapters, some of her own characteristics. But she respected the lodger's inspired moods, and never allowed anyone to disturb the papers on his desk.

But during the three days in which Mr. Falkner took his manuscript uy to London, Dolly's housewifely instincts got the better of her. She took the carpet up, dusted it thoroughly, and hired an itinerant knight of the whitewash brush to purify the walls.

But, in the midst of the saturnalia, bad news swooped down upon her assistant.

A little girl arrived with the tidings that "Billy Joe had fell down de well an' broke his arm, an' mammy was in a electric fit;" and his father departed, leaving the ceiling half-whitened and the floor strewn with brushes and whitewash pails.

And this was Dolly's puzzle.

It did not, however, remain a problem long. With the agility of a fair acrobat, our fresh, young beauty tied an old sheet around her, "mummy fashion," as she merrily thought to herself, pulled one of her father's old hats over her light hair, and briskly mounted the ladder to complete the half-perfected job herself.

"I won't be at anybody's mercy in this sort of way," she said.

She was as light as a deer, as quick as lightning; and as the long strokes of the brush swept their way across the ceiling in small, even waves, she felt that, "with her own right arm," she was conquering fate.

Until—oh, Nemesis!—who was that outside talking to her father, as Mr. Miller drew a dripping bucket of cold water from the well and slaked his thirst with a long draught?

"Walk in, walk in!" said the deep, hearty voice of the good farmer. "We didn't expect you home, but you're welcome all the same. Dolly's there somewhere, making pies or brewing pickles, or somethin'."

In a second Dolly comprehended all the embarrassing features of the situation.

There was but one door through which she could escape, and that fronted the very spot where her father and Mr. Falknar stood.

"If he would only go round by the front porch," she thought, "I could slip away; but——"

Alas! such good luck was past hoping for. The latch of the opposite door lifted—Mr. Falkner himself came in. Dolly whitewashing away as if for dear life. Mr. Falkner, standing in the middle of the room, lifted his calm regard toward the statue on the step ladder.

"Good afternoon, Miss Miller," said he.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Falkner," said Dolly, with well simulated calmness.

"Are you whitewashing?"

"Yes, I am whitewashing."

"Will you allow me to finish that?"

"No," said Dolly, reddening visibly under the brim of her father's old hat.

"It is scarcely suitable work for a woman," said he, quietly.

"I am the best judge of that," retorted Dolly, beginning to be angry.

"At least, you will let me help you down?"

"No, sir; certainly not."

As he advanced with the air of one who has made up his mind, Dolly dipped the whitewash brush afresh into the pail of foaming suds, and essayed a new sweep of the ceiling horizon, a gesture intended particularly to express defiance to her challenger. But something in the motion destroyed her equilibrium, or else the step-ladder proved false, for it suddenly doubled itself under her, and came down with a crash—whitewash pail, long-handled brush and all.

Dolly, however, was equal to the emergency. The very instant that she felt her foundation becoming insecure, she abandoned the fort, and, with a light spring, descended to the floor, just in time to see Mr. Falkner, who had sprung to her rescue, buried beneath the ruins of the step-ladder and the whitewash pail!

* * * * * *

"Father! father! is he dead?"

"Dead, child? No! Why should he be dead?" returned Joshua Miller, in his slow, considerate way. "Of course, he was stunned a little just at first, but he's all right now. And, Dolly, you'd better step in and speak to him. I don't seem to be able to get it out of his head that you're killed. And, Dolly——"

"Yes, father."

"I—I wouldn't mind any silly nonsense he may talk if I was you," counselled Joshua, rather awkwardly. "Folks say queer things sometimes when they're a little out of their head, you know."

Dolly understood this caution, a few minutes later, when she went timidly into the room where John Falkner lay, bandaged and helpless, on the sofa.

"Dolly!" he cried joyfully. "Then it is true you are really safe! Thank Heaven for that! It don't matter so much about me!"

"I am so sorry!" faltered Dolly.

"But I am not."

"It was all my awkwardness," she confessed; "and it was I who should have suffered the consequences of it. Please forgive me!"

He held out his hand.

"Won't you come a little nearer, Dolly?" said he; and she advanced, coloring, and half afraid, as she placed her hand in his. "May I tell you something, Dolly? May I confess to you that if you had been killed I should never have known another peaceful moment? May I say to you that I love you?"

Dolly remembered her father's words.

"Silly nonsense!" she thought. "Well, it may be silly nonsense, but—but it is very pleasant."

"You will try to love me, Dolly?" he pleaded. "You will promise one day to be mine?"

Dolly, in the midst of her flutter, remembered that she had somewhere read that it was always best to humor sick people and those who were a little "off their head."

"Oh, yes, if you really wish it!" said she. "But now you are to take some toast-water, and be very quiet, please."

"You will sit here until I go to sleep?"

"Ye-es!" faintly consented Dolly.

Nature has wonderful recuperative powers, and scarcely a month had passed when John Falkner, recovered from the wounds and bruises of the step ladder episode, was up and about.

"I am none the worse for that little misadventure, you see, Mr. Miller," he said to the honest farmer, when first he strolled out into the hay-field.

"Glad on't," said Joshua, with cordial warmth. "And I can tell you, it's all owin' to the womenfolks' mania for scrubbin' and cleanin'. There ain't hardly no misfortin' as can't be traced back, more or less directly, to house-cleanin' times."

Falkner only smiled as he glanced at Dolly, who had come to bring the hay-hands a jug of cool cider, and some delicious red raspberries in a cabbage leaf.

"It was a lucky happening for me, though," said John Falkner, meditatively.

"Lucky?" repeated Dolly, with blue, questioning eyes.

"For," he added, "if it hadn't been for that, I don't know that I should ever have mustered courage to win you for my wife."

Dolly jumped up, coloring as red as a carnation pink, from her temples to the tip of her chin.

"I—I don't know what you are talking about," she faltered.

The hay-hands were out of hearing distance now. Falkner could speak out boldly.

"Did I not ask you to be my wife?"

"Yes; but you were wandering in your mind, you know."

"Did you not answer 'Yes!'"

"Yes; but—I wanted to humor you, lest you should get feverish," murmured Dolly.

"My mind was as clear as crystal," said Falkner. "And as for being humored—well, you may go on humoring me, if you please, to the end of time!"

"But," pleaded Dolly, "I wasn't in earnest. No girl ever said 'Yes' at such short notice as that."

"But I was in earnest, Dolly; dead in earnest!" said Falkner, his brow growing very grave. "Yet, if you really wish it, I will give you back your pledge, and go away forever. I take no woman's love that is unwillingly given!"

Dolly sat there, silent and blushing, as Falkner rose and strode away across the flat waves of fallen grass and daisies.

Hardly had he reached the stone wall that separated the hayfield from the farm buildings than a soft voice reached his ear, and it said, in stifled accents,—

"Come back. Oh, please—please come back!"

Falkner turned. Dolly had let her bunch of silver-starred daisies fall to the ground. She was holding out both hands, like a frightened child.

"Don't leave me, John!" she stammered.

That was the end of the courtship.

Mr. Falkner and Dolly were married within a month. And to the day of his death, honest Joshua persisted that "it was all owin' to women's bein' so beset arter house cleanin'!"

TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.—Prof. Felix Adler in his address to the Ethical Culture Society in New York on "Some of the Causes of Married Infelicity" said that the great advantage of marriage "is to be fully known to some human being just as you are, to have your good impulses understood and your bad traits recognised and accepted for love's sake; to be found out and to be glad you are found out.

"It is a boon," he continued, "to have one in whose eyes one seems just what one is. Among the causes of marital unhappiness none needs more serious attention or is more potent for evil than the recklessness with which the tie is formed between people who cannot get away from each other, who for a lifetime must share each other's fortunes and share honor and disgrace alike.

"When candidates for membership in a club are proposed, not only are the candidates' characters and reputations inquired into, but care is given to find out whether or not they are congenial. If congeniality is important in the loose society of a club, how much more important is it in the close relations of domestic intercourse.

"Marriage is, or ought to be, a treaty of perfect peace between two sovereigns, man and woman. In many cases the match is a money affair, where two fortunes are wedded. In other instances it is fortune and title that are wedded. Not alone in plutocratic society is this true, but among the middle classes, as in the cases of a professional man. Patients are few, or clients are scarce, and the effort is made to reach with one quick step the position held by another and older member of the profession.

"The pre-nuptial acquaintance," Professor Adler said, "is too often too short. Two persons are united for life without any knowledge of the real character, each of the other. In the higher grades of society little real understanding exists between contracting parties. An acquaintance is begun at a feast and carried on with no more enlightenment as to character until the knowledge comes too late. A parlor conversation, carried on under parlor conditions, is poorly fitted to give the young man and the young woman the necessary insight into each other's character which will prepare them for the struggle of existence.

"Only among the angels could the perfect marriage exist. The man who waits for the perfect woman will die in a monastery. And if a perfect woman were found to make a perfect match there would be wanting the perfect man. Marriage does not mean, love does not mean, the union of two perfections.

"Love begins with admiration perhaps of form or feature. Sterling love means the admiration of the qualities of character. It must be able to look down into the depths of a nature and see truth and goodness. Such love generates faith. Admiration is the foundation, marriage is the superstructure, the growth. We are to grow through marriage. We are to keep that admiration of our partner which was the beginning and is the basis of love. A great secret of married happiness is to go on wooing and winning. The moment one thinks he has won, in that moment he has lost.

"The effort must be made to keep admiration. As was said of freedom, only he possesses who day by day wins it anew. The observation of courtesy, tender thoughtfulness and carefulness in attire are as needful after marriage as before. When we can't afford to be boorish to strangers we can't afford to be boorish to those who are nearest."

THE ANSWER THAT TOOK THE SCHOOL.—In Peekskill, a school teacher going to school caught a woodchuck. Arrived among his scholars, he offered the animal as a prize to the boy who should give the best definition of the grounds of his political faith.

"I," said the first boy, "am a Republican, because I believe in honest government, in the protection of native industries, and in the maintenance of the national credit at home and abroad."

"That," said the teacher, "is a good answer. Now some one else."

"I," said a second boy, "am a Prohibitionist, because I believe that temperance will banish half of the misery and crime of the nation, and empty the hospitals, the prisons, the poor houses, and the lunatic asylums of the land."

"Good," said the teacher. "Now for some one else's defence of his principles."

"I," said a third boy, "am a Democrat, because I want the woodchuck."

CHARACTER OF HANDS.—The hypocritically humble hand, like Heep's, is apt to writhe and squeeze its bending fingers together. The hand that little Jack Horner made sticky with his own pie in his own corner undoubtedly became with Jack Horner a thick-fingered, puffy index of his partiality for pies and plums. The rough and the refined hand are different with a difference like that of education in the man. The lowest extremity of roughness is the rough hand of brute violence—a colossal paw, but lacking all sensitiveness and flexibility—defiant in its attitudes—a human tool that has been turned into a weapon.

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AN UNDERSTANDING.

He hovered around her and watched her eyes,
And hung on each musical word;
And she was aware of his stifled sighs,
And the throbs of his heart she heard;
And, though nothing was said between these two,
He knew she knew that he knew she knew.

Cut rates—The barber's.

Always on top—The roof.

What fruit is the most visionary?—The apple of the eye.

A dentist and a politician both need a pull to get along in this world.

"I follow in the wake of the baby," as the mother said when disturbed by her infant at night.

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided?—Water.

Don't imagine that you are encouraging a tramp to drink when you give him a nickel. The average tramp doesn't need any encouragement.

"The difference between a street and a woman," said the Cheerful Idiot to the assembled boarders, "is that the cross streets are the quietest."

Lawyer: What is your excuse for applying for a pension?

Applicant: Why, at the battle of Bull Run my teeth chattered so I broke them.

De Tanque: Did you ever wake up in the morning feeling that you had acquired something during the night that you didn't have when you went to sleep?

Old Soak: Yes, a head on me.

"Dear me, how fluidly he talks!" said Mrs. Partington, recently, at a temperance meeting. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms every cartridge in my body.

"Mamma, why do people have noses?"

"Common people, my dear, have noses that they may sneeze and smell; but high-born people like we are have noses that they may express their contempt for common people.

Small brother: Marie, does your admirer stutter?

Marie: No, of course not! What made you think of such a thing?

Small brother: Then why does he write "My dear, dear Marie?"

Lady (a widow): Do you know, my daughter is quite smitten with you, Herr Muller?

Gent (feeling flattered): Really, now?

Lady: A fact; she was saying to-day, "I should like that gentleman for my papa."

Newrich, to picture-dealer: I think, on the whole, I won't take the picture. I prefer spending my money on statues rather than on pictures, because you can see more than one side of a statue and get your money's worth better.

"Wonderfully active old fellow, that man Binks," said De Eff. "He told me that his legs were so limber he could kick himself in the back. I couldn't do that and I'm not half his age."

"You don't need to," said Hawkins. "Almost anybody would be glad to do it for you."

A little boy accosted his political papa thus:

"Papa, are you growing still?"

"No, dear; what makes you think so?"

"Because the top of your head is coming your hair."

The poor politician is getting bald.

Customer: Will these pants bag at the knees?

Dealer: Mein freint, no pants will pag at de knees if you treat dem right. I tell you how before you go. It vas my own invention.

Customer, delighted: Then I'll take them. Here is the money. What is your plan?

Dealer: Neffer sit down!

In one of the smaller towns of Kentucky lives a negro familiarly known as "Tim" White. On one occasion it was necessary to record his full name. The not unnatural supposition that "Tim" stood for "Timothy" was met with a flat denial. "No, sah! My right name is 'What timorous-souls-we-poor-mortals-be Whi.e.' Dey jes' calls me 'Tim' fo' sho't, sah!"

A country editor, in alluding to a rival town, says that "it takes several of their pigs to pull up a blade of grass; and they are so poor that the foremost seizes the spear in his mouth, the balance having taken each other by the tail, when they all give a pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether—and if it breaks, the whole tumble to the ground, for want of sufficient strength to support themselves. It takes three or four to make a shadow."

In a daily there recently appeared this advertisement: "Wanted.—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine; the advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker." This is even unhappier mode than that adopted recently in a local paper, when the editor "regretted to have to announce the death of Mr. So-and-so, but was not astonished to hear of the sad event, as the deceased had been attended for time by Dr. S."

MONKEYS CAN THINK.—That the monkey possesses intelligence to a considerable degree is probably true," said a hotel proprietor who has a small menagerie on his premises. "I believe, however, much of the intelligence with which that animal is credited is due to his love of mimicry.

"The other day two young men with two girls were at the monkey's cage feeding him with peanuts. One of the men suggested that she give the monkey gum, expecting that if he took it in his mouth it would stick to his teeth and he would make sorry work of trying to chew it. The girl at once parted with the sweet morsel she was so industriously chewing, extending it toward the cage. The monkey grabbed it instantly and put it into his mouth, but instead of chewing it, or attempting to, began pulling it out in small ribbons, as children are frequently seen to do. When he had it all out of his mouth he rolled into a compact ball between his hands, threw it into his mouth and began the operation again. He appeared to enjoy the performance as much as his visitors. That was imitation."

"That's all right," rejoined another, "but I had an experience with that same monkey wherein he displayed intelligence. I was by the cage smoking one day, and I thought to annoy him by blowing smoke in his face. I was much surprised to find that, instead of being annoyed, he enjoyed it, as was evidenced by his edging up as near me as possible to receive the smoke in larger volumes. Soon he began scratching himself at the point where most of the smoke came against him. When I had smoked one side for a few minutes he would turn squarely round to have the other side treated in the same way. Then he sat up directly in front of me and received the smoke squarely in the face and neck. I don't know whether he held his breath, but he did not cough, sneeze or wince a particle. To complete the job he then sat with his back toward me, and it would have done you good to have seen him throw his hind feet over his back and scratch. It made me think of the kickers of a hay tedder in motion. Now that monkey knew, through some sort of intelligence, that nothing will send fleas and other insects to the surface or stupefy them as effectually as tobacco smoke."

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No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 8.03, 9.10, 10.18, 11.14 a m, 12.07 (Dining car), 2.33, 3.45, 6.12, 9.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8.03, 10.18 a m, 12.14, 2.45, 6.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 6.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.30, 4.20 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 10.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.30, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.42 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.27, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m.

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For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.10 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

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